THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXIX.—No. 1547

AUGUST 9, 1933

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, August 9, 1933 No. 1547. Vol. CXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Bertram Park

PRINCESS VON BISMARCK

A new portrait of the attractive wife of Prince von Bismarck, the Secretary to the German Embassy. Before her marriage in 1928, the same year that her husband came to London from Stockholm, Princess von Bismarck was Fräulein Ann Mari Tengbom. The von Bismarcks have a house in Eaton Square, and are two of the most popular people that international affairs have brought over here

• WHAT'S • ADO • ABOUT • TOWN

"The Bystander's" Potted Social Diary of the Week

Lady Montague of Beaulieu and the Hon. Mrs. Rivers, in stormy-weather dress, landing at the Squadron steps at Cowes

The Hon. Patrick Seely and the Hon. Kitty Seely, Lord Mottistone's son and daughter, who "did" Cowes from their home in the Island

THE holiday season has begun: London is said to be very empty, merely because a few empty-headed Mayfairers have withdrawn their heads and gone off. They will lounge on beaches, drink cocktails, and squabble with exactly the same people and precisely the same amount of energy as they display in the rest of the year—the mise en scène is the only difference. "What a marvellous holiday!" they will all exclaim on their return about mid-October.

Holidays

The Cabinet is on holiday—Mr. MacDonald is at Lossiemouth, Sir John Simon in Brazil, and Mr. J. H. Thomas at Brighton. Lord Beaverbrook is on holiday in North Africa. Has already delineated his itinerary and his reasons for going to his two million readers—no need for me to do the same. Lord Rothermere is cruising in the direction of Iceland—he prefers to be quiet on his holidays.

Some of the high-lights of our **Night Life** are already dimming. Ciro's has shut till September, also the Embassy (and cat), Café de Paris, and Monseigneur. But there is always the Savoy and Quaglino, whose brother has gone to Italy for a fresh supply of spaghetti. Punch's Club needs only one week's cleaning, "Arthur" and "Ginger" working the Hoover alternate days. Buck's never shuts. General Washington Post in the rest of Clubland, peppery "West-End Clubmen" scowling at their visitors, or drinking up best wines of clubs in which they are billeted.

Schoolboys returned home for the holidays. Leaving at dawn, they arrived in time to wake up sleepy sisters at 8 a.m. The more hearty lads should be in camp at Tidworth Pennings: luckily always managed to avoid this: Etonians also cleverly done so this year by producing "mumps" cases.

Drama

Malvern Festival. Was not at all festive. Plays voted fusty and dull. Why not produce works of living dramatists? Cocktails on the Colonnade at noon, cheery parties outside the Pump Room—saw neither of these.

Trumpet-major Louis Armstrong back again. Think would be excellent in military band, for would be subject to conductor's baton. Makes a genuine cacophonic blare.

At the Plaza the Duke and Duchess of York are regular Monday night visitors: heard a crooner, burbling usual ditties about being lonely—

"All by myself in the morning
All by myself in the night."

No mention of 5-7 p.m., I notice.

Another dramatic event was the Culbertson bridge contest at the Savoy. Opponent had expensive illness—it cost him £900.

Sport

In the sporting world, we lifted the **Davis Cup** from France. Cheers for Perry, "Bunny" Austin, Phyllis Konstam (team mascot), and other brave boys on arrival at Victoria. Frenchmen did not look at all sick in defeat. Our team did on arrival at Dover after the Channel crossing.

Canterbury Cricket week opened on Saturday, Old Stagers well to the fore, both the theatrical company and the other old men of Kent. The Critchley family take leading parts in the dramas. "Spirit of Kent" hovers over the St. Lawrence Ground, and in the bars at opening time: Old college ties and Club colours very prominent, also Sir Edmund Davis's tent.

At Lord's the **Public Schools** have held the field. The season is rapidly drawing to a close when the "lunch-in-the-paper-bag" old gentlemen will have to feed at home, and be an additional trouble to their families.

Wild Bird shooting began on August 1st, for those who had remembered to renew their gun licences. Ducks, moorhens, coots, and dabchicks from now onwards must fly faster, else dive.

Tunny-fishing is in progress off Scarborough. Lord Moyne's yacht cruising in the neighbourhood. Lady Broughton hopes to beat world's record for tunny. Rosita Forbes expected there any minute.

Look You

In the world of **Music** there was a Welsh National Eisteddfod held at Wrexham. This means the singing of the same song in Welsh all day by different choirs. Songs chosen are usually dirges, so cheery days naturally ensue.

Music-lovers are now congregated in Bayreuth and Salzburg. Nazi-ism seems rather to be upsetting the latter, and at the former the singing has not been up to standard; it looks as if the Covent Garden season has run out an easy winner this year.

Heave Ho!

Cowes, of course, was a scene of unparallelled gorgeous brilliance. The Royal Yacht Squadron lawns were thronged with all the most distinguished people. Popping down there one day, and listening to the rollicking tunes played by the band on the lawn (so nice to hear "The Mikado" again), I noticed Commodore Sir Richard Williams-

Lady Floyd, Sir Henry Floyd's wife, and Lady Mary Hope were two more of "rank and fashion" who invaded Cowes for the one week that it's the centre of the map

A Breaking-Up-for-the-Holidays Party

Sasha

Mr. Stirling, Lady Jean Rankin, and Mr. Eric Hatry were at the supper-party that the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan gave at the Berkeley Buttery last week

And so were Lord Acheson, Mr. Graysbrook, and Miss Diana Mainwaring. The party was a "see-you-in-October" one for all Mrs. Evan Morgan's friends who were going hither and thither

Bulkeley, Sir Godfrey Baring, Lord Camden, with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Lady Irene Clarke. Lady Fitzharris wore a white piqué coat and skirt and white straw hat; Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry wore a navy-blue coat and skirt; printed crêpe-de-Chines were the most popular dresses. There was Lady Baring's big dance held for charity at Northwood House. It was interesting to see the crowds on the jetty watching to see what Lady Dufferin and Ava would wear each day; she was in charge of the "young idea" in the Ernest Guinness's party. The Stephenson's Velsheda was the latest toy of the meeting—a fine all-steel yacht of the Britannia class.

Ye Olde Worlde

August Bank Holiday ushered in delightful old-world custom—**Dunmow Flitch** Trials. Sit in a stuffy tent, and tell of married happiness for a strip of bacon. No entrants from Mayfair this year (or any other).

On Bank Holiday, too, was a **Tudor Fête** at Hatfield House. Back to the Elizabethan age. Saw the Princess in her prison chamber—saw her relics, quilts, and needlework. Old sports to the fore, such as Man Hunt, Ankle Contest, Breaking Up the Happy Home (several of best demonstrators in this were on holiday), Maze.

Futures

Dublin Horse Show—great opportunity to learn some Irish blarney, especially if you want to buy one of the exhibits. Nearer home on Thursday is Tring Show. The Rothschilds sure to carry off all prizes for floral exhibits: consider not fair, as they start with too great an advantage.

Another **Tattoo** is on, at Tidworth. Searchlights should nightly reveal the Duke of Gloucester in a bandit scene, assisted by 11th Hussars.

Parties this week will be held at the Maharajah of Rajpipla's at Staines all the week (he's a very generous host); cocktails always going at Mme. Alfredo de Peña's country resort near Windsor; the Crested Eagle daily to Margate.

On Saturday, the glorious 12th, "the crack of the rifle will be heard on the moors": in other words, **grouse-shooting** begins, and with it fun and frolic in the heather or butts. Long waits between beats essential to good sport in the latter. Hope to have good reports next week of the young birds. Hear clutches of eggs extra-strong: this season's nestlings fine and healthy: heather looking well and reasonably high.

That night the **Promenade Concerts** begin at the Queen's Hall. Regular "Prommers" can once more hear overture to "Tannhäuser" and see gold-fish in the fountain of the Promenade. Many new artists to be heard—Sir Henry Wood, as usual, O.C. orchestra.

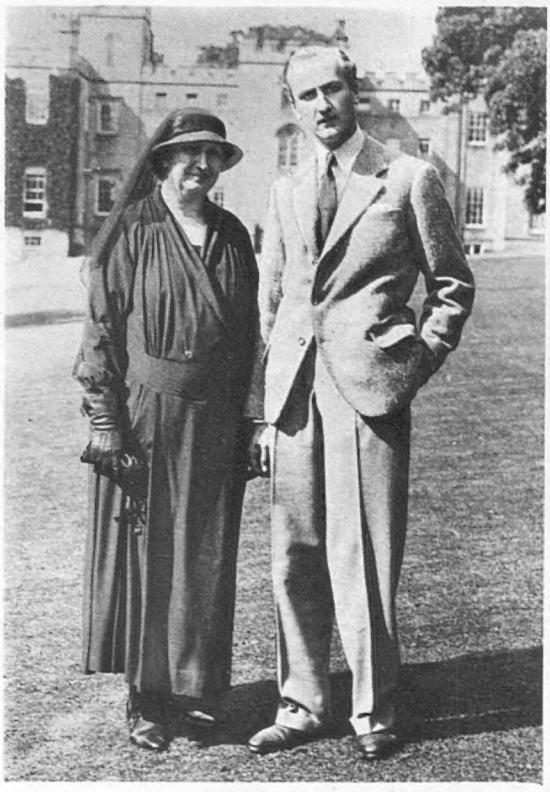
The last **Test Match** begins at the Oval. Can make no prophecy except that "Father" Marriott will bat No. 11 for England, and will take the most wickets. **Mr. Peeps**

Above: Miss Felicity ("Bunty") Watts, Mr. Churchward, Mrs. Hofer, and Mr. Skeffington-Smyth at the cocktail-party given at the New Kazbek by the Marquis and Marquise de Chateaubrun

Left: Mr. E. F. Storey, the international golfer, and Mrs. Margaret Evans, after their wedding, when Mr. Cyril Tolley was best man. Mr. Storey has played for England in the Walker Cup matches three times; his bride is a golfer, too, and they have planned a golfing honeymoon

August Actions and Reactions

From the North Sea all the Way to Venice



Above: the Marchioness of Normanby with her son, the Marquess of Normanby, at Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire, where the latter's coming-of-age has just been celebrated. The late Lord Normanby died last year

Below: Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten at Cowdray Park for the final of the Challenge Cup, which was won by Someries House, for whom Lord Louis Mountbatten played back. Lady Louis Mountbatten presented the cup to the winners

Miss Pamela Davies-Evans and Miss Geraldine Davies-Evans at Cowes. Miss Geraldine Davies-Evans announced her engagement to Mr. Cyril Haworth, Sir Lionel Haworth's elder son, last month

Prince and Princess Mdivani, who were married in Paris a month or so ago, are now in Venice. Princess Mdivani became world news, while she was doing her trousseau shopping, as Miss Barbara Hutton

Cigarettes for Elizabethans at Loseley Park

Left : Sir Warden Chilcott's party at his Warsash house, in honour of the Household Brigade Flying Club's visit to the Household Brigade Sailing Club : Mr. H. Dixon, Major C. A. Drummond, Capt. A. D. Perrins, Sir Charles Lambe, Sir Albion Richardson, Mrs. Mary Peters, Lord Mottistone, Mrs. Perrins, Lady Lambe, the host, and Mrs. Cyril Drummond

Sir Warden Chilcott's House-Party at the Salterns

The Marchioness of Salisbury and her grandson, John Ormsby-Gore, at the rehearsal for the Tudor Pageant, which was held at Hatfield Park on Bank Holiday Monday

Balmain

Above : Miss Lulu Esmond and the three Deuchar sisters, Zara, Pamela, and Yvonde, watching the swimmers in the open-air pool at North Berwick

Left : Lady Prudence Jellicoe, Miss Isla Holland, and Miss Highley as full-dress Elizabethans (except for their cigarettes) in the Masque and Fayre held at Loseley Park, Guildford, in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society

Right : Mrs. Philip Kindersley, Miss Lisa Maugham, Sir Anthony Weldon, Miss Dorothy Dickson, and, on the steps, Mr. Murrough O'Brien and Mr. Philip Kindersley, all in the sun at Walton Oaks, the Kindersleys' house in Surrey

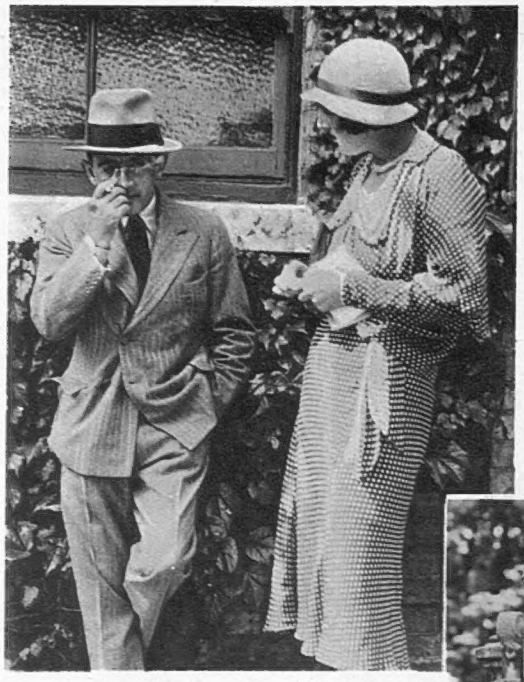
Swaebe

A Surrey Week-end : the Philip Kindersleys and Their Guests

A Racing Reverie

Goodwood Conclusions

By "Regular"



H. Beasley, the well-known jockey, and Mrs. Beatty photographed at Alexandra Park Races, which are known among regulars as "Ally Pally"

BUCK'S CLUB Tent and Jumbo Joliffe's hospitality made a holiday imperative, so off I flew to Le Touquet. At this French watering-place you find the same air and the same people as you find at Margate, but to make it more difficult you have to fly there. However, it was all great fun, and I even went so far as to win a mille in the Casino.

GOODWOOD finished up as it had begun—in a blaze of glory, and, praise be to Allah, with the victory of a hot favourite. Atty Persse has won so many two-year-old races this year that he must have lost count. With Nesperitus ably ridden by Harry Beasley, who had had a toss at the gate earlier in the day, he won yet another, and quite a few "got out."

STARTER ALLISON doesn't half put them through it at the gate these days. The process reminds me of what used to occur at our more sadistic public schools. Every new boy, before he became a fully-fledged member of the school, had to submit to being tossed in a blanket. Nowadays, before any jockey can consider himself worthy of his salt, he must have been thrown sky-high by Captain Allison.

MICHAEL BEARY, Steve Donoghue, Harry Wragg, Gordon Richards, yes, and even old Uncle Joe Childs himself, have all been on the floor in the last few weeks, because the trouble about "Starter" Allison is that when he chucks you up in the air he doesn't bother to catch you.

POOR old Joe has "come it twice" just lately, and while any jockey who tries to poach a flyer deserves all that comes to him, the idea of Joe Childs trying to get a flyer is just as preposterous as that of Lord Lonsdale doing the three-card trick.

ALTHOUGH, by a sequence of strange coincidences, I managed to win money myself, I think the majority of punters ended up on the wrong side, and although, when Mrs. Rustom won last week, we were inclined to believe that the Aga's run of bad luck was ended, he soon lapsed back to seconds, which position, at the judge's end of the race, he seems to have booked for himself.

Lady Granard

Owner of Cappielo, winner of the French Grand Prix, wife of the eighth Earl, she is the daughter of the late Ogden Mills, of Staatsberg, Duchess County, U.S.A. Lady Granard races mainly in France and in partnership there with Lord Derby

THE Ali's betting-book can't be too good reading, and it is lucky he is such a good loser. He is certainly getting plenty of practice.

I AM frequently accused of not being sufficiently social. This week there shall be no cause for complaint. The best-dressed man was George Duller, but if the garment he was carrying was really a handkerchief, I am afraid our George is getting almost too meticulous.

THE match between Lady Durham and the Duke of Norfolk provided a big surprise. The surprise was not the result, as I was told it was a pound to a bun on Lady Durham's filly, but the fact that Burlington Gardens let us lay 11-8 on. I don't expect Arthur said a word to them at Orderly Room the next day, do you?

THE other funny thing about this match was that Gordon (who makes just about as many mistakes as "Crocker" Bulteel does, which is another way of saying he's only just human, as far as his job's concerned, though grand "off parade") chose to ride the wrong one.

THIS was a bit of luck for "manners makyth man" Weston, and the little swell made full use of it, jumping her off in front and winning in a canter.

ONE of these days, when Gordon Richards, "Stanleys" Baldwin and Wootton, Ramsay MacDonald, and Uncle Regular are but legendary figures in the History of this Island, the powers that be will gaze into their glasses (the kind that hold the port *and* the ones they look through) and 'neath those venerable bald pates something will stir. The result of this phenomenon will be that, within another fifty years, a rule will be passed that horses belonging to the same owner, running in the same race, will be coupled for betting purposes.

THEN, my friends, our great grandchildren will go racing with a light heart, not caring a hoot if the Aga Khan of the time runs eight in the Leger or the direct descendant of Mr. Esmond runs two in the Goodwood Cup.

I HASTEN to add that the best judges I know consider it extremely unlikely that either Brown Jack or Mail Fist will ever have any children, so there is no fear of any of their descendants finishing in the wrong order.

IT was with real regret that I made the final descent to Chichester when the last race had been run. Goodwood is a wondrously pleasant place when the sun shines, the corks pop, and one manages to back a winner or two, and it certainly has an atmosphere you find nowhere else. People are so much better tempered there than they are anywhere else, and even a number of smart people who are barely on speaking terms were seen being as nice as nice to one another under the soothing atmosphere which we call Goodwood.

BY the time this masterpiece first sees the light of day, many of you will be far away, with never a thought for your poor old Uncle ploughing his lonely furrow at such places as Chepstow, Birmingham, Stockton, and Haydock. Don't think I envy you, though. I would just as soon be skinned at Kempton as I would on a nasty rock in the Mediterranean.

FURTHERMORE, you "not so young as you used to be's," you needn't travel to France to find gentlemen who are not above accepting money from you. I can point you out dozens on the other side of the rails.

The "Prom" King at Home

Sir Henry Wood and his Family

Sir Henry Wood and his two daughters, Miss Averil and Miss Tatinia Wood, outside the window of the studio at Appletree Farmhouse. The framework of the window was made with old railway-sleepers by Sir Henry Wood himself, carpentering being one of his side-lines

Above: Sir Henry and Lady Wood and their daughters in the garden at Appletree Farmhouse, their three-hundred-year-old home near Rickmansworth. The Promenade Concerts, "Sir Henry's Own," start at the Queen's Hall on the 12th

Right: the famous conductor and his elder daughter in their studio. Sir Henry Wood is a painter as well as a musician, and Miss Tatinia Wood is a fine pottery-maker; they are planning to hold an exhibition of their work before long in London

Photographs by Priestley

The Younger Generation . . .

. . . Knock-knock-knocking at the ball. Schoolgirl competitors at the seventh Annual Lawn-Tennis Tournament walking en masse to the courts at Queen's Club, seen above

Below: J. Giesen, New Zealand; C. N. Jones, England; I. C. Steadman, New Zealand; and A. G. Farquharson, South Africa, finalists in the mixed doubles in the Ayrshire Tournament

Lady Catherine Willoughby, Captain V. A. Cazalet, M.P., and Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., resting between matches at Tunbridge Wells, with its Royal prefix

Mr. Ronald Oliver and Lord Charles Hope, who met in the Singles at the Royal Tunbridge Wells Lawn-Tennis Tournament

Outdoor Occupations

Left: Miss Joy Cunningham and Mrs. F. M. Strawson, winners of the ladies' doubles championships at the Ayrshire Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Turnberry

Lieut.-Com. E. L. D. Bartley and Lieut. G. H. Stockley going out to bat for the Royal Navy and Royal Marines v. the Free Foresters, at Mr. H. M. Martineau's ground at Holyport, near Maidenhead

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 10.

Major "Fruity" Metcalfe

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

MAJOR EDWARD DUDLEY (FRUITY) METCALFE, M.V.O., M.C., B.A., has an infinite capacity for warmth of feeling, and his most recent acquaintance becomes at once his closest friend. Born in Dublin, the son of an Irish civil servant, Fruity's brogue soon became clipped in the Indian Cavalry (Skinner's Horse). In the last three or four years, however, it has blossomed out afresh, not to say fruitily.

The other day Lord Castlerosse said that Fruity always took ninety thousand words to go round a golf-course. And, indeed, the gallant Major undoubtedly has the gift of the gab. He also has the courage of his convictions. He says that his handicap is eighteen. That is his story and he sticks to it. In fact, he is a steady twelve.

Fruity is a very good-looking chap, with a lean figure, an agreeably aquiline nose, blonde hair, and some little temerity in his clothes. The turning-point in his life was the day he met the Prince of Wales, after serving in the Waziristan campaign. The Prince at once took a liking to the handsome young Irish cavalry officer and had him attached to his staff. Fruity travelled with him throughout his Indian and Japanese tours. On his return to London he was at once made much of by Society, and two years later he became an equerry.

Two more years of gay bachelordom followed, and then he startled everyone by marrying the beautiful Lady Alexandra Curzon. Earlier in the same year had come his appointment as A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief in India—a job which, of course, he relinquished on his marriage.

To-day Fruity is a member of Buck's, White's, the Cavalry and the Bath. He has a house in Cowley Street, Westminster, and another near Dorking. He is one of the best-looking men in the country, and thoroughly deserves his good fortune. In these hard times a sunny disposition merits both the wealth and happiness which it has brought to Fruity. But it is high time you had your handicap altered, Fruity. You can afford it.

• STANDING • BY . . .

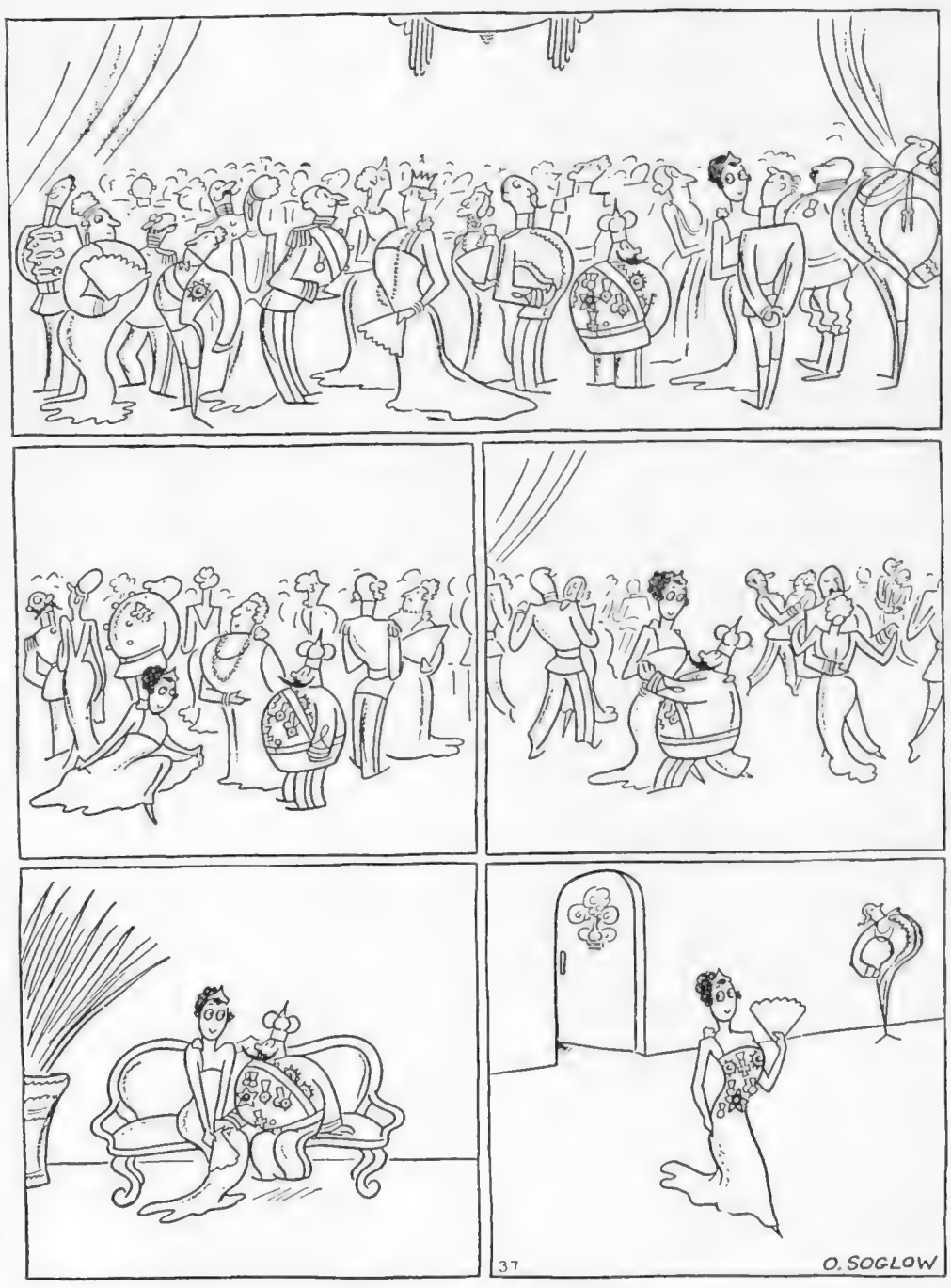
A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

EACH time we pass by the new Fascist headquarters on Regent Street, we get more cheerful about the World Situation; sing "Hey nonny-nonny and a fig for the Reds!" Fascist H.Q. is so gay and clean and modern; looks as though it and the lean, bronzed young men who trot busily in and out of it had nothing to do with real life; were waiting for the revolving stage to carry them round into Act One of a musical trifle with some such title as *Shoot That Mob!* If the Fascists want us to take them seriously—and, frankly, we don't expect they're passionate about it either way—they'll need to move into a home that looks rather less like a Shaftesbury Avenue producer's idea of a Berlin cocktail bar. These are merry days in the world of Reaction. We hear rumours of "Antibol," not an antiseptic as you might be pardoned for supposing, but a powerful body of rich manufacturers, pledged to devote health and wealth to combating Bolshevism. There are whispers around, too, of another secret society, known as "The King's Mystery," which, if our somewhat fuddled spies be correct, is also concerned with the preservation of the Bad Old Days (bless 'em!) No one will give us details of "The King's Mystery," though stories we have heard of its carryings-on suggest that the membership must consist almost entirely of retired Scoutmasters who 've been reading too much *Morte d'Arthur*.

WHEN a Canadian told us the other day that his dentist back home was called Wrench, we didn't believe him. No dentist, we argued, would be so unbusinesslike as to cling to a name like that. Following a train of thought, we turned up a list of London dentists, just to see how names ran over this side. Members of the profession practising in the metropolitan area, we discovered, include a Shoveller, a Hacking, a Pickett and a Payne—all enjoying excellent practices, notwithstanding—but no Wrench. There 's a dentist called Epstein, doing well, also. Somehow, though, we wouldn't fancy giving an Epstein the run of our mouth; not as long as we recall those publicity pictures of Jacob, way up on the Underground building, chipping chunks out of Night and Morning!

WHEN the coarse bullies of Fleet Street made "copy" of the fact that women had fought like famished wolves for a glimpse of Ramon Novarro, the Editor of *The Era* got mad with them; accused them of finding excuses for the "banalities of easy cynicism." The Editor seemed to feel that the Novarro fans were just nice girls with an urge for self-expression. "We applaud," he thundered in his leading article of the week, "the instinct of the women who crowded the London Palladium to pay their tribute to the modest art and personality of Novarro. For years he-men and tough guys, rough-necks and rakes, have been paraded by Hollywood as ideal types for women to admire, but the women have responded by choosing Novarro, who is none of these things, and has no pretensions, but his own pleasant nature." How keen an observer he must be, the writer of those words! Why, he can read women like a book: knows la vie, as only one who has vecu can know it! To anyone with eyes in his head it should have been quite obvious that the reason why women were twitching in the stalls and breaking each other's legs outside the stage door was that they were crazy about the Spanish chap's pleasant nature!



Here He Is Again!

Swaebe

They Used to Like This, but—

Mr. Anthony Hornby, Lady Veronica Hornby, and Mr. E. H. Bulkeley about to start supper at the Café de Paris when the weather wasn't quite so torrid, for—

AMERICAN manufacturers are now attacking customers through their sense of smell. Swifts, the ace ham-handlers, impregnate their wrapping paper with extracts of ham and bacon. Extracts, they claim, smell even better than the meat itself. A rubber corporation has launched a lilac-scented rubber band with the idea of appealing to the dainty stenographer who finds the smell of plain serviceable rubber without "allure." A fire-insurance office is issuing advertising brochures that reek of burning wood. A New York House tried scenting silk stockings some time back, but had to give it up; perfume evaporated too quickly. The latest development, we hear, is that of scented books. A publisher is issuing romances of the "Sheikh" order with the pages impregnated with incense. This may all sound fantastic, but it's true. Most reports from America sound fantastic—and most of them are true!

REFERENCE to the commercial exploitation of perfume recalls an experience we had some years ago in Warsaw. Principal vaudeville house there is called the Morskie Oko. For the show we saw they'd thought up a Big Flower Number, with the girls gowned florally and, to add to the "atmosphere," attendants spraying the audience with ottos (or attars, if you prefer) of various blossoms. The attendant on our gangway sprayed so forcefully in time with the music that she blew off her nozzle—we mean, naturally, the nozzle of her syringe—and presented a German gentleman in the end seat with a half-pint of otto (or attar). The point of the story is that the wretched victim's name happened to be Otto, too; we know, because after the show we heard his wife bellowing at him through the door of the "men's room," where he was still desperately washing his head.

SOME days ago we were privileged to visit the B.B.C. place beyond the Queen's Hall. We had always imagined—in the occasional moments of semi-stupor in which we'd even bothered to think of it—that Broadcasting House must be pretty dull at night; as full of boiled shirts and careful English as a play by Pinero. We were entirely wrong. There were two

Now They Find Different Things to Do

—now that summer is in full blast, people do like to be beside the seaside, and here are Miss Mona Simson and John Buckmaster, "Buck's son," on the S.Y. Miriel at Frinton, a town which has achieved even more undying fame by a visit from Douglas Fairbanks

Army and Stage Linked

Captain C. A. Carter and Richard Dolman, the well-known actor, on the links at Prince's in the Junior Carlton Golf Club Tournament

VIVE LE SPORT!

No. 4.—Ballade of a Cricketer

WHEN cricketers delight to chat
Around the bar at close of play
Of heroes of the ball and bat,
Those warriors of yesterday
Who showed aspiring youths the way
Effectively to do their jobs,
Some sage is pretty sure to say,
"No batsman ever equalled Hobbs."

Though you recall the stove-pipe hat
That once was very much au fait
When Grandad, whiskered, slow and fat,
Stalked haughtily into the fray;
Though you can name a long array
Of dashing bats and lords of lobs,
Can you refute this statement, eh?
No batsman ever equalled Hobbs.

Kow-towing thrice upon the mat,
As vassals should who homage pay,
We give our Old Boys' ties a pat
To lend us confidence, and pray
Our chief to grant us leave to lay
Poor Grandma in her tomb (loud sobs!)
For Surrey plays at home—hurray!
(No batsman ever equalled Hobbs!)

ENVOI!

Prince, when the merry month of May
Next sees you being bowled for blobs,
Remember, as you slink away,
No batsman ever equalled Hobbs.

B. W.

studios side by side. In one we found Lupe Rivas Cacho and the hermosisimas muchachas of the Mexican Revue: in the other a posse of keepers from the "Zoo" who 'd brought along most of the animals to be televised. If this was the B.B.C., we mused, wandering in a daze among the machaws and muchachas, then give us somewhere nice and quiet like Darkest Africa! Television Director Eustace Robb gave us a boa constrictor to hold; told us that the thing was so strong it could strangle a horse. Next minute he and the keepers rushed away to watch Gillie Potter, who was acting as compère for the Mexicans. We were left holding the serpent. The constrictor kept on flickering his tongue at us, while we, heads well back, struggled to look as little like a horse as possible. We 're evidently more hippic in feature than we 'd supposed, for just as the keepers came back, the brute was swaying round our collar, plainly sparring for an opening. Running from the studio in a lather, we stumbled into the midst of the departing muchachas, who fell to kissing our hands under the impression that we were Sir John Reith. Any of you fellows who picture Broadcasting House as a scene from Pinero, are quite wrong. More often than not, it 's a cross between Crazy Month at the Palladium and a week-end with Tarzan of the Apes!

British Pharmaceutists Confer—and Dine

Viscount Bertie of Thame, Sir William Wilcox, K.C.I.E., C.B., Sir Malcolm Delevigne, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., Dr. Edwin Deller (Principal of London University), and Professor J. F. Thorpe, F.R.S.

The Rt. Hon. Dougla to the Home Office), Mr the Chairman, and Mrs the British Pharmaceutica

Ketti Gallian

the young French actress who is to appear in Stanley Scott's new production, "The Ace," now in rehearsal under the direction of Miles Malleson. She is a platinum blonde, a protége of Sacha Guitry, and this will be her first professional visit to England

THINGS are quietish just now on ye olde whimsey-whamsey fronte. Only reports to hand concern a Long Island hostess who has labelled all her spare rooms "Guestie Room," and a confectionery on the South Coast here known as "Tarte Shoppe." We did notice, too, along Oxford Street, that the Heath people have labelled their shop, "Ye Hatterie." A fairly quite week; nothing to put Winnie the Pooh out of business.

A BOON companion of ours relates the following cryptic incident. Attending the lawn-tennis championships at the Croquet Club's ground at Wimbledon, he found himself seated

"Now then, m'lud, cut out the wisecracks!"

Sasha

Hacking (Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State C. H. Hampshire, M.B., B.S., B.Sc., F.I.C., Ph.C., Hampshire, some more of the notabilities present at Conference Banquet held at Grosvenor House

behind two ladies "whose virtue," he explains, "looked just about as easy as falling off a log." During a long match in which Borotra was concerned, the two madams sat in complete silence—until the Basque lashed out at a short lob and the ball bounded away over the stand. After watching the flight of the ball with a mascara-ed eye, the stouter of the two parties remarked to her friend, "And some fell upon stony ground!" "Now, now, *now*, duck!" rapped back the other lady. "None of your limericks here."

EACH time an impresario sets the scene of his film or play in Vienna, the Tyrol or Bavaria, the critical watchmen who lurk in the dried-up watercourse of the River Fleet set up a howl. "Why not a story about England for a change?" is the cry that bursts from their grey lips. We do remember one piece of the kind in recent years. It had Oscar Asche in it, and a pack of *real foxhounds, my dear!* The foxhounds had no respect for the pretty scenery and the piece didn't run for long. "Buy British!" and "See Britain First!" are not workable slogans when applied to romantic operetta. English light music is mostly of the "Hey, hey, come to the Fair!" order that makes passionate moderns like ourselves feel inclined to rush out and murder all the dainty Daphnes and winsome Chloes and crusty Old Squires who ever littered a home-brewed libretto. The operetta audience is out for Romance. Paris was the setting for quite a heap of "romantic" plays, until people began to cross to France for the week-end and see for themselves. In spite of Vernon Bartlett and escorted tours, though, Bavaria, the Tyrol and the rest still manage to preserve their glamour! THE BYSTANDERS

BY AUDREY WYNNE

"What shall it be to-night, Mr. Swiffen? Are you going to shoot an arrow, or do we take back our hearts?"

The fifth of the twenty "Bystander" cruise photographs in which a passenger is "spotted" and gets a guinea when she discovers herself and writes in, giving her name and address. The lucky one among those sun-bathing on the deck of the s.s. Lapland, the fine ship in the Red Star Line service, is marked with a circle

Rear-Admiral Sir Reginald Yorke Tyrwhitt, G.C.B., D.S.O., is the newly elected President of the Ex-Services Welfare Society, in succession to the late Sir Frederick Milner, its founder

Music and all That . . .

Festivals and "Proms"

By "Melos"

BAYREUTH and Salzburg are now claiming many English music-lovers, in spite of Hitlerian uneasiness. Hitler himself, by the way, is very fond of music and was at one time considered to be very fond also of Siegfried Wagner's widow, Frau Winifred, who is English by birth. He has paid many visits to the Villa Wahnfried, in the grounds of which the great Richard lies buried, but reports of his engagement to Frau Winifred have always been denied.

Leaders of Fascism are frequently musical, and even Mussolini looks less fierce when he is playing the violin. The present Bayreuth conductor, Herr Elmendorf, has, I see, been mentioned somewhat disparagingly by certain experts; but he is, in reality, a more than capable man, if he is up to the form I remember him displaying at the 1928 festival.

A FAMILIAR Bayreuth figure died last week in Max von Schillings, who some years ago was chorus-master there and assistant conductor. At the time of his death he was conductor of the Berlin State Opera. He was a genial man, who was to be found regularly at the little Bayreuth café "Die Eule" ("The Owl"), frequented by nearly all the professional musicians in the place, and whose walls are hung with illustrations of scenes of poor Siegfried's not very interesting operas.

Von Schillings himself wrote several operas, most of them too soaked in the Wagnerian idiom and too lacking in individuality to make any lasting impression.

I AM glad a testimonial concert is being organised for Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who has had many weary months of shocking bad health. He was for a long time in the same nursing home in which Col. Eustace Blois, Covent Garden's managing-director, died in the early summer, just as the opera season had been launched. He is now better, but from being one of the busiest of our conductors he has had to be idle for close on a year.

Born at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, Malcolm Sargent first came to the fore as a conductor of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas; since then he has infused new life into what I used to be tempted to call the Royal *Choral* Society, has conducted most of the Courtauld-Sargent concerts, and until this year has been in charge of that annual musical jamboree, *Hiawatha*, at the Albert Hall. It will be good to see him back again at the conductor's desk.

NO country in the world is so well equipped as Great Britain with young, or youngish, conductors. Mr. Basil Cameron, now home on leave, is off to America again in September to take charge of the Symphony Orchestra at Seattle. Mr. Julius Harrison, who succeeded Mr. Cameron at Hastings, is at work again after his serious illness, and has included the beautiful Scriabin piano concerto in his autumn programmes. Mr. Eugene Goossens crosses the Atlantic regularly and conducts important orchestras on both sides of it.

Mr. Constant Lambert busies himself with conducting ballet music for the super-intelligentsia and with explaining the real beauty of jazz—a sort of liaison officer between serious music and syncopation. Mr. Geoffrey Toye functions at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, and Mr. Aylmer Buesst is another enthusiast of the same type. Mr. Leslie Heward, as conductor of the municipal orchestra, has preserved the high musical standards of Birmingham.

IN a few days now the "Proms" will be upon us. By some wise dispensation, the Alhambra Ballet season ends on a Saturday and the "Proms" start on the following Monday, thus forming an unbroken chain of real music until the deluge of concerts that will usher in the autumn season.

Nocturne, a version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that would have surprised Shakespeare, is a decorative and intelligent piece of work. The arranger, M. Lichine, has wisely taken it for granted that his audience are familiar with the story of the play, such as it is, for *The Dream* is really rather a nonsensical affair adorned with the loveliest of poetry.

To make it appeal without a single spoken word is a considerable feat, and M. Lichine and his dancers, among them Mlles. Danilova and Riabouchinska, may share the credit with the very-long-time-defunct M. Rameau, the composer of the music, whose Rameaufications, as it were, are easy to follow, for they are of the purest classicism and therefore simplicity itself. But for a presentation of the actual play I prefer Mendelssohn, "Wedding March" and all.

That Goodwood, Cowes, heat-waves, and so forth have not, apparently, diminished the popularity of the Ballet, even in the most expensive seats, is an excellent thing alike for the future of ballet-dancing in this country and for the pockets of Sir Oswald Stoll.

THE fact that things are not comfortable in Germany at present for an extremely important section of the world's music-lovers will, I hope, induce greater support for the English music festivals, notably the Three Choirs Festival, which is the best of all. Hereford, where it is to be held this year, September 3rd to 8th, is a more picturesque town than Bayreuth and is no less pleasant than Salzburg, and is a darned sight cheaper than either.

NICOLAS BENTLEY DREW THE PICTURE

"Pianissimo Yourself!"

Summer Trousers—Some're Not!

Three Film Lovelies Dress for the Occasion

For the Sea: Marlene Dietrich goes nautical

For the Cycle: Jean Harlow has her own ideas

For the Sun: Magna Schneider demonstrates

Above: Magna Schneider has come over here from the Continent to make a film, and was photographed sun-bathing between times at Elstree. She is nineteen, and has appeared in twelve films in the eighteen months she has been doing screen work

Top, left: Marlene Dietrich is the definite exception to the rule laid down by old-fashioned people who still say women shouldn't wear trousers. She always looks pretty O.K. in hers, and the suit she wore when she was at Cap d'Antibes was up to standard. She still has two pictures to make for Paramount, and Sternberg is to direct these, in spite of the trouble there's been

Left: Jean Harlow, the original platinum blonde, wears a canary-yellow suit when she goes bicycle-riding, which, one has heard, has become the fashionable way of getting around in Hollywood

The Last Big Wedding of the Season

Lord Willoughby de Eresby and the Hon. Phyllis Astor

Mr. John Gretton, the Hon. Joan Marjoribanks and Mrs. John Gretton were three of the guests who went down to Taplow for the Willoughby de Eresby—Astor wedding

The Bride and Bridegroom

The cake-cutting ceremony took place in a marquee on the lawn at Cliveden, where Lord and Lady Astor held the reception after their daughter's wedding to the Earl and Countess of Ancaster's elder son. The marriage took place at the Church of St. Nicholas, Taplow, and the reception was held almost entirely out of doors at Cliveden

Above, left: the Hon. Anne Wood and the Hon. Esmé Glyn arriving at the reception

Above, right: Lord Feversham and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley greeting someone they're evidently pleased to see

In circle: the Duchess of Devonshire and her daughter-in-law, the Marchioness of Hartington, on their way to Cliveden from the church

Right: Mrs. Geoffrey Mander and Mrs. Isaac Foot, whose husbands represent, respectively, East Wolverhampton and Dundee, leaving Paddington for Taplow by the special train

• PERSONALITIES

Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell

"Has built a nice, new swimming-bath at his country house"

• SIR BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL, who has built a nice, new swimming-bath at his country home, is the best-looking man in Parliament. His smile is famous, and has gained him more applause in his constituency than any speech. He is clever, and therefore difficult to manage. He is always immaculately dressed, his clothes are well cut, and his whole appearance is invariably distinguished. He has a few delightful little mannerisms, and a deliberation in his movements. It would be impossible for him not to behave like "a charming gentleman," whatever the occasion. He likes brains around him when he works, but does not insist on them in his playtime. His recreations often bore him; so do people. He has three daughters, a musical son, a rich wife, the devotion of many, good shoes, and white handkerchiefs.

• LADY HULTON, who is on the road to recovery after a serious illness, has a dining-room decorated with gold racing cups. She is full of enthusiasms and interest in this world and the next. She is a very feminine woman and her reactions are always personal. She is exceedingly kind, generous, and sympathetic. She feels things intensely, and is a good housewife. Her tenants and servants adore her. You can make her cry with a pathetic story. Like all womanly women, she can rise to any occasion, however tremendous or tumultuous; but she collapses under criticism and cannot live without the sunshine of appreciation. She has valuable possessions, a clever and devoted son, the smallest artificial garden in London, one grandchild, and a liking for "worth-while" people.

• LESLIE HORE-BELISHA, M.P., was present at the soft-drinks-only Astor wedding. He is intensely alive and intensely ambitious; he is, however, temperamental and can be easily depressed. He will "go far" because he is capable and realises his capabilities. He inspires those around him to give their best to him and for him. He believes in hard work, and throws himself so wholeheartedly into everything he attempts that only absolute physical exhaustion would ever prevent him from completing it. He has a loving mother, well-cut grey suits with square shoulders, an efficient secretary, dark, flashing eyes, and a good reputation.

Leslie Hore-Belisha, M.P.

"He inspires those around him to give their best to him"

Lady Hulton

"Full of interest in this world and the next"

Lady Warrender

"Has the look of a beautiful little choir-boy"

• LADY WARRENDER, who wore pink cotton at Goodwood, has the look of a very beautiful little choir-boy. Her long neck, tiny head with natural curly hair, is set on a tall, thin body, and her eyes are interested but still a little shy. A few years ago she was terribly shy and self-conscious, and she frightened people into thinking her rude. After an illness she conquered herself and blossomed out into one of the sweetest and most popular of the "young marrieds." She is quite without envy, hatred, malice, or cattiness; women like her, men adore her. She enjoys social life enormously, but seems to pass through its midst untouched and unaware of its dark patches. One couldn't imagine her old; she does not yet seem to be grown up, for there is such a childlike, lovable quality about her. She has three sons, a young husband who is seriously dignified, an entrancing way of talking, a sense of fun, and a great many admirers.

PETER PEPPER

Westminster Whispers

By "Big Ben" on Tour

Sketches by David Wilson

Round the Constituencies:

No. 2. North Devon and Somerset

DEVONSHIRE is a big county, so big that when I am at Ilfracombe or Bideford I feel as far away from Sidmouth and Budleigh as I do from London. On the other hand, Burnham and Weston-super-Mare, although they are in Somerset, because they are only just over the border, seem very near. I don't know how other people plan their holidays—how anyone coming to Devon can ever decide between the rival claims of North and South is beyond me—but personally I am lazy. North Devon and Somerset are a happy and easy combination. That was sufficient. But I might add that I decided, immediately after I had settled this week of my Summer Tour, so that there should be no ill-feeling, to take next week, in my stride, South Devon and Dorset.

No wonder that "Glorious Devon" and "Up from Somerset" are two of the most popular songs in the language! They will outlast all the American negroid importations, for Alabama and Mississippi mean nothing to ninety-nine per cent. of English families, while the memories of Porlock and of Dunkery, of Glastonbury and of Wells, mean a lot. And I will make no mention of cider, cream, and cheese.

DEVONSHIRE has always welcomed tourists. When William the Conqueror came from Normandy the resident English gave him no trouble, and they kept their lands in consequence. The great landowners of Somerset have fought time and time again for lost causes, for Perkin Warbeck, for King Charles the First, and for Monmouth; they have been subdued, they have been fined, but yet they have held their lands, and their successors occupy them to-day. Tenacity and perseverance are not the least of the qualities the West admires.

WILL the countrymen of Devonshire and of Somerset forgive me if I say that their true heritage, their treasure of the ages, is Bath? And increasingly so as Adelphi Terrace gives way to another Savoy Hotel, and the lanes of Hampstead are turned into racing-tracks. Soon, maybe, we shall be journeying to wonder at the genius of wood and curse ourselves for our crimes of destruction.

WELL, if ever the time should come that the beauties of Devonshire and Somerset have to be fought for—and the stones of Glastonbury cry perpetual shame on us—the men to fight will not be lacking. Barnstaple, South Molton, and Tiverton know what they are about when they send back to Westminster three men of Devon. Somerset, on the other hand, has taken to itself four strangers, the four of a good choosing.

TIVERTON has always been a safe Conservative seat—Sir Francis Acland's sudden intrusion from Cornwall for a year may be ignored—but South Molton and Barnstaple are really Liberal strongholds.

THAT Barnstaple, which has elected Sir Basil Peto for the last ten years, should be even thought of as Liberal seems, on the face of it, a paradox. But right down to 1922 no Conservative, and certainly no Tory, had a chance there.

SIR BASIL won the seat in 1922, lost it by a thousand in 1923, but since 1924 has proved irresistible. Whether he would have held it in 1929 if he had not got himself into trouble with the party hierarchy, who knows? But he, the truest, bluest Tory in the House of Commons, was excommunicated. The Whip was taken from him, he was told off in the Lobby. But he was a hero in Barnstaple, and he remains one.

RESPECTFULLY be it said, Sir Basil looks a little as though he had strayed from one of the back numbers of *Punch*. He dresses the part of a politician so conscientiously; tall hat inevitable.

Some of the younger men in his party might regard his philosophy of Conservatism as equally antiquated. The fact remains that, having put Barnstaple on the Tory map, he has kept it there, and means to. He is not called a die-hard for nothing.

NEXT door, at South Molton, is another die-hard, Mr. George Lambert, a Gladstonian die-hard and one of the soundest Conservatives in the House. Mr. Lloyd-George was elected in 1890; Mr. Lambert in 1891; but in 1924, after thirty-three years' service, the incredible occurred, and he was rejected by six hundred and fifty votes for a political tyro, Mr. Cedric Drewe, a Devonian, granted, but from the South and aged twenty-eight.

OF course, the Division repented and put him back again in 1929, and in 1931 gave him a twenty-two thousand majority over a young Socialist who knew more about the films than politics. But Mr. Lambert's chance of being "Father of the House" has vanished.

IF any man deserved a post in the National Government for services rendered, it was he. He did as much as anyone, outside the Prime Minister's immediate entourage, to bring the administration into being; he advocated the Conservative-Liberal pacts, the "doctor's mandate," the General Election in October. He has fought far longer than anyone for political co-operation against the Socialists.

BUT he is, perhaps, too independent. He has given us his definition of a good party man: "If you want a placid life in Parliament, you must tie a yellow, blue or red ribbon round your neck, then sit up and beg as your party chiefs direct; never open your mouth, always vote according to label, and you will be a good party man." As he said himself, he is not built that way. We know the way he is built: "We Devonians come into the world to do good, not for ourselves, but to other people." Mr. Lambert need not be ashamed of his record.

COLONEL ACLAND-TROYTE, I feel, would refuse to represent any county in Parliament other than his own. He is the most Devonian of them all. And I can imagine Lord Weymouth only as Member for Frome. True, Longleat is in Wiltshire, but his home is within walking distance of his constituency, and his father represented the same Division before him.

LORD WEYMOUTH ought to be a little more venturesome. He will have to fight hard if he is to keep his seat, and electors like a courageous Member. In the Commons we have not seen enough of him; he is still an unknown quantity.

THE same might be said of another young man, Mr. Loel Guinness, who sits for Bath. He is Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Philip Sassoon; he is learning his job; but time is slipping by and he must not let his opportunities slip, too. Bath likes Mr. Guinness for himself, apart from the fact that he succeeded Mr. Baillie-Hamilton. We expect great things of him, for he has great qualities.

COLONEL MUIRHEAD is another Parliamentary Private Secretary. He was formerly with Sir John Gilmour, but when Major Elliot took over as Minister of Agriculture he kept Colonel Muirhead with him. He knows as much of practical farming as any man in the Commons. He owns a beautiful house in Oxfordshire and is unmarried.

LORD ERSKINE is an energetic little Whip, who was the perfect Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir William Joynson-Hicks; Mr. Croom-Johnson, a Bristol man, is Recorder of Bath, a good barrister but a better philatelist; Colonel Gault is a Canadian; Major Davies knows all that there is to know of Honolulu.

Next Week:
South Devon and Dorset

Second Thoughts on First Nights

What's To Come

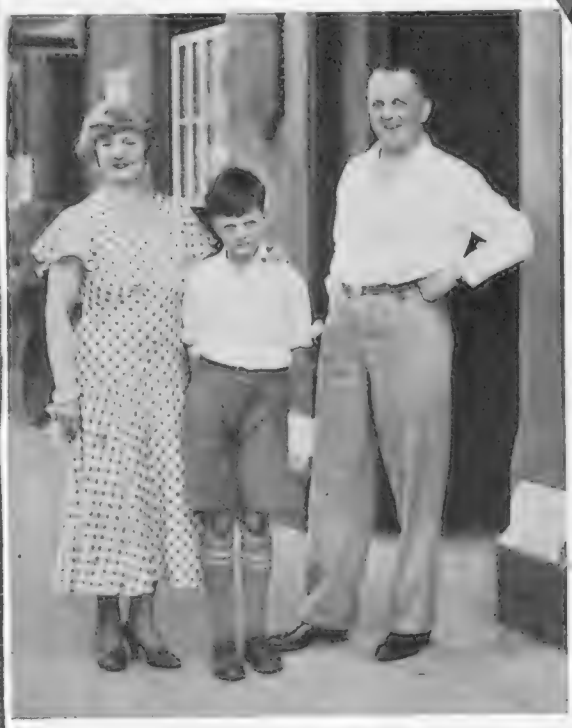
Evelyn Laye *Sasha*

Who plays the part of the heroine in the musical comedy "Give Me a Ring," which is the attraction at the London Hippodrome

THIS department, having sternly resisted all temptations to get itself embroiled with the old firm of Jones, Dryden and Co., of Malvern, now finds itself becalmed in the dramatic doldrums. The "season" is over; the theatre, marking time, is only concerned with a survival of the fittest. Yet the country cousin, doing London in August, has nothing to grouse about. On the contrary, his choice is ample, varied and good. Between *Richard of Bordeaux* and the latest revue, *After Dark*, he can indulge his fancy and get his money's worth. For the regulars, these holiday weeks, saving the presence of some "hot trumpeter" or a minor addition to the ballet season, are as barren as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Nowt 's nowt and there 's an end of it. Let 's call it a day and take a look forward. The future reads something like this :—

August

15th (or later).—*Is Life Worth Living?* (formerly *Drama at Innish*), Lennox Robinson's comedy from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. This is Sydney Carroll's successor to *Marlene* at the Ambassador's, which put Victoria Hopper on the map. This department (please note) correctly prophesied great things for this ingénue. She has Hopped into Tessa's shoes for Basil Dean's film of *The Constant Nymph*. Dozens of other ingénues and semi-ingénues tested but found wanting.



Famous "Follies" *Swaebe*

Mrs. Dan Everard (Miss Doris Brooke) and Dan Everard, with their son, taken at a hotel at Pershore, where they are mine host and hostess. Countless lovers of the late Harry Pélissier's "Follies" Company will recall the good work they did with this gifted company

24th.—*The Ace* at the Lyric. Ex-German war-play banned in Berlin, about the famous Richthofen, by his cousin. Adapted by Miles Malleson. Raymond Massey in Conrad Veidt's original, long and dramatic part. Ketti Gallian as the French cocotte. Mademoiselle has understudied Yvonne Printemps and speaks no English. But that doesn't matter, as her part is in French. Another spot of bother for dramatic critics with a classical education.

31st.—*Clancarty* at the Winter Garden. Franklin Dyall, large cast and a chorus of forty-four in a very revised musical version of *Lady Clancarty*, an ancient romance by Tom Taylor, first seen at the Old Olympic in 1874. Never heard of either. Music by Wolseley Charles, once a Co-optimist.

21st.—If you happen to be in New York hereabouts, buy your seats for Ivor Novello's

Sasha

Another picture of principals in "Give Me a Ring" at the London Hippodrome. Seen above are John Garrick and Gina Malo providing some of the sentiment

Party, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the luscious Mrs. Pat part played here by Lillian Braithwaite. If Birmingham, not Broadway, should call you, *When Ladies Meet* can be met again, with Marie Tempest and Owen Nares sampling the delights of provincial touring after many years. Cicely Byrne deputises for Mary Newcomb, while Margaret Rawlings (vice Ann Todd) as the novelist with two beaux to her string, should be well worth seeing. High-time some sensible management tied this dazzling actress firmly by the heels to Shaftesbury Avenue.

Gertrude Lawrence as the *Nymph Errant* (Adelphi). After *Juan in America* we couldn't make headway with the sexual globe-trotting of James Laver's school-girl heroine. Sponsored by Cochran, the play sounds interestingly episodic. Huge cast, with usual complement of foreigners. Sophisticated music by Cole Porter, Romney Brent, who sang "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" in Coward's last revue, joint-adapter with the author of the novel.

September

18th.—*Twelfth Night* inaugurates exciting new season at the Old Vic. Basil Gill, Athene Seyler, Robert Donat, Ursula Jeans (now playing Joan Barry's part in *Proscenium*), Lopokova and, in *Measure for Measure* in October, Charles Laughton and the most interesting actress of the year. Meaning, of course, Flora Robson.

October

2nd.—Josephine Baker at the Prince Edward in a revue from the Casino de Paris.

Interesting revival of Noel Coward's *Hay Fever* (1925). Cochran presents; Constance Collier stars—in Marie Tempest's old part. No further Coward play this year (shame). *Design for Living*, in which the author, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt drew New York, presumably a bit "too too" for London. Censor, however, not yet asked to adjudicate. We can't have Noel slacking off.

TRINCULO.

College Football Star Teaches the Girls Team-Work

Co-eds + Crooning = Education

"College Humour," at the Carlton, is Hollywood's latest view-point on American higher education. The complicated story includes Jack Oakie (above, having fun with the girls) and his football exploits for the honour of his old chum's helmet before he goes to work in a creamery. Also Byng Crosby as the Professor of Drama; he teaches crooning mostly (crooning being a branch of drama in the U.S.A.). On the left: Byng Crosby crooning to Mary Carlisle, who evidently likes it: she marries him in the film

All Blue and White: Cowes in

Sir Gerald and Lady Fiona Fuller were down at Cowes for the first week-end of the big week, when the sun shone and the breeze hadn't turned into a gale

Above: the start of the 8-metre race in the Royal Southampton Y.C. Regatta, as seen from Cowes

Above: Lady Dashwood, Lady Baring, Mrs. Aspinall-Oglander, and Sir John Dashwood. Lady Baring's charity dance is always one of the important after-dark events of Cowes Week

Right: Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, the Commodore of the R.Y.S., and his wife, Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley

Lord Herbert and Miss "Baby" Jungman taking a walk round Cowes together

Mrs. Paul Freeman, Mi coming away from the

Arthur Owen

Above: Sir Harold Bowden and Lord Inchiquin photographed on board Sir Harold Bowden's yacht, Maid Marion

Above, left: Captain Longbrook and the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness, ashore from the Fantôme, Mr. Ernest Guinness's yacht, on their way in to the town

Left: Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Peter Thursby, who were staying with Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, Mrs. Thursby's parents, at Nubia House

in Regatta Dress

Miss Jeanne Stourton, and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton e Squadron gardens after the Sunday "parade"

Another Sunday afternoon photograph, this time of Mr. David and Lady Joan Colville

Miss Ruth Runciman and Mr. Walter Runciman, M.P., ashore from the Altair

"Cursory Nursery Days"

Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger and Zoë

Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger and her daughter, whose full names are Zoë Carolina Georgia, live in Brompton Square. Mrs. d'Erlanger, before her marriage in 1925 to Baron Emile d'Erlanger's eldest son, was Miss Myrtle Farquharson, and is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Alexander Farquharson, of Invercauld. She is a sister of Mrs. Edward Compton

Zoë d'Erlanger is only three years old, but she has already one accomplishment of the popular Society lady—she knows how to cope with the telephone gracefully. When she isn't being grand like that, she likes to give her mother a little attention, and even lets her help to play with the Noah's Ark animals

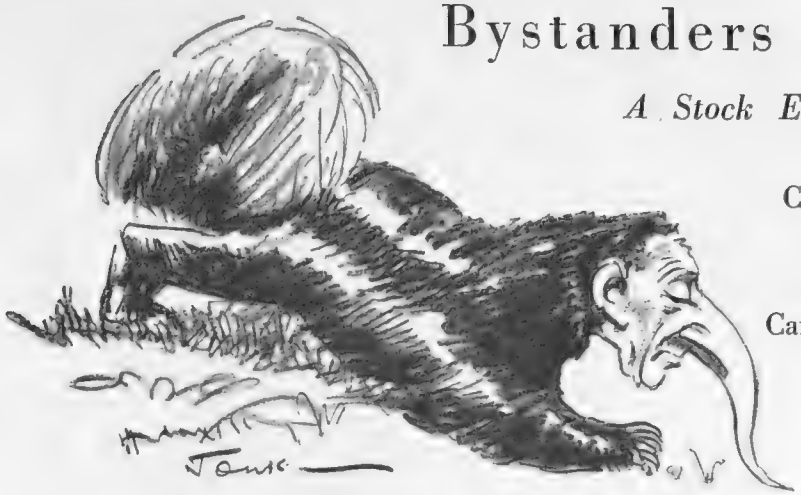
Photos by Swaebe

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk"

Caricatures by "Jonk"



Jubāta (Lat. crested)
"The Ant-eater"

LAST heat-wave, or maybe it will turn out to be the one before the last—Bank Holidays get our calculations all wrong—two firms of jobbers did their work in the House with their coats off. At least they did for one day; next day they kept their coats on, although the temperature was actually higher. This startling innovation, probably privately approved by most people, isn't likely to spread at present. Dignity before comfort must remain the law. However, alpaca suits are gaining ground; two new recruits to this fashion appeared in the brewery market.

DRINK shares have been on the upgrade: nothing to do with alpaca suits, but just as appropriate a hot-weather tendency. Home rails celebrated the opening of the holiday season by showing a satisfactory increase in price. The scaffolding has come down; consequently experts who used to throw paper balls with string attached over the beams, tie the string to people's hats, and pull them up in the air off their unsuspecting owners' heads, find themselves with time on their hands. The House now looks delightfully clean, anyway. A lot of members got the white stuff on their coats that had been put on the marble by the workmen to eat the dirt away. They haven't reported whether the said white stuff ate their coats away as well, or whether its assimilating power stops at dirt.

HORACE RYAN, who once made one run in a village cricket match, and thereby started a market custom, has had a new chapter added to the volume of tales about him which already make him a famous man. He has just changed his country habitat. Not long after he moved, a friend, probably while the family were engaged with their Sunday lunches, fixed the following notice to the front gate: "Teas supplied, with one water-egg—6d." Later in the day, some hungry soul applied for sixpenceworth. We imagine Horace issuing forth to drive the intruder away with flourishes of his cricket bat.

TALK of water-eggs reminds us of the "Duck," alias Edgar Goode. He is not the only member with this nickname; he has at least one companion in "quackery," that is to say, in being a butt for quacking noises made by fellow-members at one time and another, in the same way that they make barking noises at a certain gentleman who is supposed to look like a hungry dog. Edgar Goode used to be a very fine organist at one time, but nowadays he is too busy to keep it up.

THE "Ant-cater" is another member who got his nickname because of his looks. But it suits him well in other ways, for he is as quick on a bargain as his namesake is on ants. Hugh Grace has a nickname, too, which is à propos his own surname and his appearance equally; he is known as "The Bishop." He is thoroughly episcopal, with his sedate and courtly manner, white hair, and gentle voice.

Hugh Grace
"The Bishop"

THERE is a new "House" story going round which is worth repeating here. A young newly authorised broker's clerk had some War Loan to sell. He went to a jobber in the market and asked the price. "$98\frac{3}{4}-\frac{15}{16}$," said the jobber. "How many can I deal in?" asked the broker. "Young man," said the kindly jobber. "Do you know I can make you deal in a million?" "Thank you *so* much," said our blue-eyed boy. "That 's just the amount I have got to sell." Se non e vero, etc. . . .

ANOTHER of the latest stories is told of a popular member with a reputation for absent-mindedness. He is said to have told his partner that he was going to the United Dairies to see the Cowes Regatta. Now this is really a bit far-fetched, but believers in the tale point out that the hero of it was a Major in the A.S.C. during the War, and was probably trained on Nestlés. This is the sort of thing that reminds us that the silly season has begun.

THE life-like representation of a sea-serpent by the cadets of the Pangbourne Nautical College the other day, has recalled to mind the sporting exploits of a great friend of the gallant Major's. This gentleman is known in the House as the Earl of Pangbourne, having until recently owned a property in that neighbourhood. He used to ask his friends to shoot there, and the shoot was such a success that the local chemist had to send to London for a new supply of first-aid dressings. The story of the shoot got round the House, of course, and a spirited re-enactment of the day's events was introduced as part of last year's breaking-up-for-Christmas celebrations. A sportsman appeared in full shooting dress, dead birds were produced from Leadenhall Market, the noise of gunfire ricocheted round the pillars, and wounded beaters strewed themselves on the floor in their dozens at the "Earl's" feet.

Boscas (Gr. Bóskas)
"A Mallard"

They motored the low roads in them

Right: they bumped the beast on the high roads in them

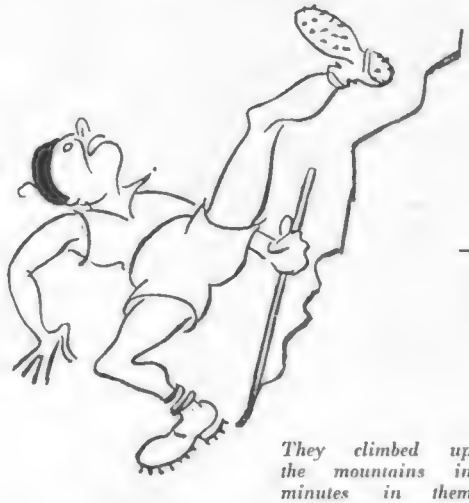
Below: they were at their zenith at the "Zoo"

Left: they kept the butterfly at bay on the Downs in them

Left: they tapped in them at tennis

Below: they nearly "crashed" at Cricket in them

They went down to the sea in slips in them



They climbed up the mountains in minutes in them

Left: they g-r-r-r-r-d at golf in them

Left: they were on the lakes and lochs (Battersea, Balham, and Bedlam)—

Below—and were all arty on the last day of the Royal Academy

"Short" Lines About a "Short" Holiday

Respectfully Dedicated to "Bunny" Austin by H. H. Harris

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Two Championships and a Challenge Match

C. K. Cotton (Stoke Poges), winner of the scratch prize, and P. Koch de Gooreynd (Stoke Poges), who won a prize for best outward putting, at the Chertsey Golf Club Open Amateur Golf Tournament

THREE events of more than passing interest have recently taken place: two Championships and a Challenge Match. The first was disputed on the course of the Malone Club, in Ireland, and was the Irish Open Championship.

The scoring in this Championship was good by the winner and the first half-dozen or so, although actually there were only sixteen totals of under 300. E. W. H. Kenyon, of West Lancashire, won the title with a total of 286, which was two strokes better than that of A. H. Padgham, of Royal Ashdown Forest, who was the holder and looked like retaining his title until an indifferent third round of 76 spoilt his chance. His last round of 70 was a gallant effort to recover the ground he had lost; but Kenyon, who was in the lead, was giving nothing away, and with a round of 71 was still two strokes ahead of him. The position at the end of the third round, which was so interesting in the Open Championship, was, in this case, also intriguing. Kenyon was in the lead, and had an advantage of three strokes over Padgham and B. Gadd. Another stroke behind were George Duncan, C. A. Whitcombe and P. Wynne. J. McCartney, from Ormeau, was the first Irishman, still another stroke behind. It will be seen, therefore, that Kenyon had a lead which should have been unassailable, and, in fact, was so; but the rest were all together, and any one of them might have filled the second place, or won outright in the event of a Kenyon collapse.

Bert Gadd was very consistent in his four rounds, with three 72's and one 74, but he could not make up the strokes he was down to Kenyon, and, in fact, he lost two to Padgham. He finished third, however: no mean performance. McCartney was fourth, and the fifth place was taken by A. J. Lacey, of Selsdon Park, who completed the last round in the record-breaking score of 69. What a pity it is that Lacey cannot steady his game a little: he hits at the ball with all his strength and fire, and to watch him it is not surprising that, mixed up with his 70's and 69's, there should suddenly appear a most unpleasant 80 or even worse. In this particular Championship his scores were typical. His first round was 70, his second 82, his third 72, and his last that grand 69. That 82, of course, was suicidal and finished any chance he might have had of winning, and it is with regret that I venture to suggest that, in my opinion, Lacey will have to alter his methods before he will rid himself of his occasional 80's. It is a great pity, for there are few better golfers when on their game, and few more exciting people to follow around a golf-course.

At the Scottish Amateur Golf Championship

Some of the officials and players at Balgownie, Aberdeen. Left to right: Mr. F. W. Campbell (Secretary, Scottish Golf Union), Jack McLean (the present Scottish Champion), J. Broodlie (Forfar), Dave Houston (Balgownie, the official starter), and A. Dowie (Cupar)

PADGHAM'S consistency this year has been remarkable, and definitely stamps him as the best medal-player of our British professionals. He was well up, very well up indeed, in the Open Championship, and but for an unfortunate excursion from the straight and narrow path in the first round, might well have won. I am of the opinion that, had Padgham found himself in the position of Easterbrook for that last round of the Championship at St. Andrews, he would have been the most likely of all the British professionals to finish in the required number of strokes in order to win. It may be noted that no American professionals of prominence were playing in the Irish Open Championship, and it is interesting to conjecture how the scores of the British professionals would have been affected had a few of the big names been up against them.

THE next event which I feel deserves comment was a challenge match between Walter Hagen and Henry Cotton, which was played on that excellent course at Ashridge. This is the first time that Henry Cotton and Walter Hagen have met in a 36-hole match, and finally Hagen emerged victorious by three up with two to play. I think many of us had come to the conclusion that Cotton was likely to win, for Hagen has not been convincing this year, and has shown little of that marvellous skill which used to delight us only a few years ago. Cotton gained a lead of two holes on the morning round, completing the course in 73; and it is curious, though true, that Hagen, had he taken his opportunities near the green, might himself have had a far larger lead. Cotton increased his lead by one by the turn of the second round, but then Hagen played the next seven holes quite perfectly and won six of them, to win the match as stated. Now, I venture to suggest that this sort of thing would never have happened to the Henry Cotton of even two years ago. This is the second time that Cotton has shown an inability to fight back when an opponent starts a counter-attack. In the Open Championship he had as great a chance as any when the fourth round was started, but he faded right out of the picture. This is precisely what he did at Ashridge against Hagen, and he did it in the same way—by an inability to hole putts. It seems to me that a holiday from competitive golf might do Cotton a world of good.

FINALLY, the third event which, I suggest, deserves some mention is the Scottish Amateur Championship, which has just been won for the second time by the holder, Jack McLean, of Hayston, who beat Ken Forbes, of Leven, by six and five in the final 36 holes. McLean was a firm favourite for the title, and he is certainly very good, in spite of the Glasgow Press. These papers have been raving about his performances, and went so far as to make out that he was a favourite for the Open Championship this year. That sort of thing is going a great deal too far, and is just as bad for McLean himself as the words are untrue in fact. McLean is liable to beat any amateur golfer, and perhaps a great many professionals, but so are other amateurs, and that standard is not good enough to win the Open Championship. I don't in any way wish to be unkind to McLean in saying this, for I admire his golf tremendously, and I should like to see him competing with success not only in this country, but also in America. But I do wish that the Glasgow papers would retain a sense of proportion, in order that Jack McLean should be given a chance of doing the same thing. He is entirely unspoilt at the moment in spite of the Press, but a great many young men have lost their game and their heads through publicity of this description before now.

Competitors in the Open Championship of Holland at the Hague

Left : the Open Championship of Holland was played on the magnificent sand-dune course of the Hague, and won for the fourth successive time by Vröuw Buma, who is third from the left. Arm-in-arm with her, also in a hat, is Mrs. Brindle, from Brancaster, who only lost the final at the twentieth hole

Miss Pamela Barton and Miss Mervyn Barton off for a round on the links. The latter, with P. H. L. Risdon, was recently 9 up on bogey at Ashridge ; while Pamela went round Mid-Surrey in 35. Both are playing in the Girls' Championship

Preparing for the Girls' Championship

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

Fox-Trot and What Not

DEAR BYSTANDER—

WILL you murder me if twice in the course of this letter I say "I told you so"? Let us get it over quickly. Haven't I always told you that golfers were musical? And that, sooner or later, Miss Ferelith Low would win something big? Well, here is Miss Renie Leetham a full-blown composer, words and music, of a melody fox-trot, featured by Percival Mackey's Band and danced to by everybody; and here is Miss Ferelith Low an equally full-blown Belgian Champion. So there!

I suppose that, nowadays, successful composers don't call what they write "music" or a "tune"; they call it "a rhythm." That seems a most suitable thing for Miss Leetham to produce. You couldn't possibly be as slight and light as she is and hit a golf ball so far unless you *were* rhythm to your finger-tips; one has never been able to watch her and Lady Alness dancing together at championship and foursomes dances without feeling this sense of rhythm, nor could you hear her perform most delightfully upon the drum, rather more diffidently upon the saw (at an evening at some of the championships, as well as when a member of The Bandits), without recognising the same quality. It really is rather exciting to feel that when folk examine the list of famous names on BYSTANDER Foursomes Cups, both Scottish and Autumn, and find Miss R. Leetham three times, they will not only say enviously: "What a wonderfully good pair she and Lady Alness are!"; but also: "That's the composer of 'Golden Days,' and all those other delicious dances." We used to see Miss Leetham, between rounds at Turnberry this June, sitting under a gay umbrella, apparently basking in idleness or scribbling something—it might have been an approximate score—on the back of an envelope. I have an idea that really those scribblings were another kind of score, or sometimes a lyric. I wonder if "Golden Days" was a Turnberry inspiration; the weather was certainly golden enough.

THEN about Miss Low. You know how struck I was with her golf, especially her putting, in the Camberley Heath Interclub Mixed Foursomes, and then again at Turnberry, when she and Mrs. John Heaton were something like favourites for the Scottish Foursomes. So, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, I am quite sure that she is a thoroughly worthy and deserving winner of the Belgian Championship, especially as in the semi-final she won by 3 and 1 from Mlle. Nellie Wiener, who was not only playing on her own home course at Spa, but had all the prestige of having won this Championship in 1932 and 1933. In the final, over 36 holes, Miss Low beat Mlle. de Thomaz, of Ghent, 4 and 3. I have seen a charming photo of the finalists, sitting in a garden of lovely flowers, and looking as if nothing were farther from their thoughts than a fierce contest. Only a ball-bag beside Miss Low gives any hint of her intentions. But she really must have been quite fierce to win, and is very much to be congratulated. I am wondering now if she and Mr. Willie Murray, her Camberley partner, will not be a couple greatly to be respected at Worplesdon in October, and whether there will not be much competition to partner her if she carries out her intention of going to the Woodhall Spa Mixed Foursomes on September 19th to 21st.

Mrs. Brindle, who adventured to the Hague for the Open Championship of Holland, made a most brave bid to bring back that title to Brancaster, for she reached the final and only lost at the 20th hole. Her victor was Vröuw Buma, who won the Championship Cup outright with three successive wins, and has now started the list on the next one with her name.

FOLK all seem on the wander just now. Miss Dix Perkin and Miss Gwen Craddock Hartopp were the distinguished strangers for the Southerndown Open Mixed Foursomes, and Miss Hartopp, partnered by Mr. Wilson, one of the best Welsh golfers, won them. They played really impressive golf to do it, especially their finishing effort in the semi-finals, for they were 4 down with 7 to play against Captain and Mrs. Ricardo—a pair who used to have a great reputation for twisting the tails of tigers at Worplesdon itself. Miss Hartopp's side won seven holes in a row to enter the final, and only struck the ball twenty-six times to do it!

Other people on tour, this time an organised team affair, have been the Old Cheltonian Golfing Society, and you may be forgiven if you have never heard of that organisation, for it is only six months old, and at present mostly a North Country affair. That is because Miss L. Jones, of Royal Lytham and St. Anne's, is the moving spirit, and charity begins at home; but she is determined that activities shall spread until all past members of the College who are golfers have taken up membership. She would be delighted to have applications from any number. The Society's tour was to Hesketh, with whom it halved, and to Birkdale and West Lancashire, who beat them.

Talking of the north-west coast, I have kept the best bit of news till the end of this letter: Birkdale have invited BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes to go there next spring, and sample the magnificent new course which has absorbed and replaced the old one. It goes without saying that the invitation has been accepted accelerando con amore, and with all the other musical honours imaginable. Everybody will enjoy themselves to the full; I know that. All that we don't know yet is the date. The L.G.U. announce April 11th and 12th for the International Meeting; Easter is April 1st. What with Birkdale for the Northern, and North Berwick for the Scottish, our 1934 programme sounds pretty attractive, doesn't it? One Day Spring Medal Foursomes are not fixed yet, but they will be in the Ranelagh Week, as usual.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

From Pall Mall to Prince's

Junior Carlton Club Members Compete at Sandwich

Lieut.-Colonel T. C. Carthew and F. Arnold Baker, both of whom failed to qualify

E. H. S. Winkworth and R. A. Cannon, the winner of the Headley Cup, who beat B. L. Bisgood, the old Somersetshire county cricketer, by 4 and 2 in the final round. Cannon has a 14 handicap and the runner-up is 9

Major Ian B. Creig and F. S. Kendall. The latter, after qualifying by stroke, was beaten in the first round

R. E. Weber and C. Gordon Thompson, the latter another player who succeeded in qualifying in the stroke competition

W. E. Bailey and Alec Butt here seen tramping the vast, open spaces

A. P. Franklin and R. G. M. Whigham seen together at the fourth tee

K. L. Branston and E. N. Furse going to the twelfth green at this meeting, which was held in very hot weather on the Prince's Course at Sandwich. The tournament was arranged on qualifying stroke competition, with the eight best scores meeting in match play. J. A. Cannon, who won the event, also headed the list of those qualifying with a score of 75. A double win

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

A Witty Book of Travel:

By A. G. Macdonell

THERE is a considerable number of the citizenry who would gladly run five miles uphill, in a fur coat and a rainstorm, to avoid reading a book on travel. I am one of them. I detest photographs of the author with one foot on the neck of a massacred hartebeeste ; I loathe descriptions of enormous hazards successfully and smugly overcome ; I disbelieve stories of mammoth temperatures. It was with a heavy heart, therefore, that I sat down to read *Brazilian Adventure*, by Mr. Peter Fleming (Cape ; 12*s.* 6*d.*), but it was with a dashed sight heavier heart that I got up after reading it. For it is only 410 pages long. I could easily have done with another five hundred. Mr. Fleming is quite the wittiest writer that has come my way for a long time. He has the lightest of touches and the swiftest of asides. He bowls along quietly and disarmingly, and then suddenly catches you between wind and water, so that you shout aloud with laughter, and all the chartered accountants in your carriage in the Penge-Charing Cross train look up sharply and disapprovingly from their study of the market-price of Synthetic Fishcakes Preferred.

Some years ago a Colonel Fawcett went to the heart of Brazil ; he got there and vanished, and has been in the heart of Fleet Street ever since. The Colonel has been " news " for years, and when Mr. Fleming read in the " agony column " of the *Times* that an expedition was going in search of him and wanted volunteers, he at once volunteered. Hence this delicious book.

The actual expedition itself must have been unutterably beastly. " Major Pingle," the leader, was a charlatan. The jungles were full of thorns and insects. The food was horrible. The Brazilians were so sluggish and incompetent that, in comparison, an Andalusian street-musician was a perfect Henry Ford for hustle and enterprise. Yet Mr. Fleming saw the whole thing as one enormous joke, and has written about it as one enormous joke. He thought it funny to wade for miles down uncharted rivers with alligators all over the place ; to cut his way through the jungle that was inhabited by hostile Indians ; to row a boat down a thousand miles of river to the Amazon. Personally, I would just as soon live in Upper Norwood. But, there—it takes all sorts to make a world, and Mr. Fleming's sense of humour is so enchanting, and his wit is so swift, that I hope he will pop off to Lhasa or Greenland or Gospel Oak at the earliest possible moment, and write another book.

MR. GERALD JOHNSON has taken as his theme in *Number Thirty-Six* (Lovat Dickson ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) the blessings of progress. Rogersville was a small, sleepy townlet in North Carolina. Its chief citizen was, of course, the senior surviving officer of the Army of the Confederate States. His chief occupation was watching Train Number Thirty-six, the pride of the Atlanta—Washington Railroad, go past. But there was a citizen of Rogersville, one Sam Hoover, who wanted to put his home-town on the map. So Sam started a small cotton-spinning factory. It prospered. Sam gambled a bit, and won every time. Rogersville looked up. Sam Hoover became its leading citizen on the death of the officer. The township grew to be even prouder of Sam than of Number Thirty-Six. Then came the War. Sam got contracts with Russia for the supply of munitions and then with England. Rogersville became the North Carolina Manchester, and Sam, once the father of his factory-hands, left a manager in charge and spent most of his time in Wall Street. The manager enforced Andrew Carnegie speeding-up methods ; the factory-hands struck. Sam Hoover came down and imported soldiers and gunmen to break the strike. The soldiers fired, the strikers dynamited. Men and women were murdered in the streets. Sam Hoover, old, broken, disappointed, had succeeded in his original ambition. He had put Rogersville on the map—or, at any rate, into the headlines. The peaceful old-world little townlet had become a hell of murder, and graft and corruption, and smoke and torment. Progress had triumphed. The first half of this book is like the old Rogersville—slow and dull and sleepy ; the second half is like the new—fast, and exciting and beastly.

Hector Bolitho, who has returned to England after five months in Trans-Jordan and Palestine. He was the guest of the Amir Abdullah, at the palace in Ammon, for three months. The Amir Abdullah is a brother of King Feisal, and is the ruler of the mandated country through which Lawrence fought so many of his battles. Mr. Bolitho's new book, " Beside Galilee," was published early in July

IF Mr. John Betjeman would only wear a dull green ulster and carry a tall black cane, he might easily create a fashion for fine architecture, just as Wilde created a fashion for fine literature. Mr. Betjeman's book, *Ghastly Good Taste* (Chapman and Hall) is only 136 pages long, but each page is compact with wisdom brilliantly expressed. Wilde's *Intentions* is the only parallel I can think of, where every paragraph had sufficient matter and enough ideas to make the reader dive hither and thither into collateral reading. *Ghastly Good Taste* is the product of a mature and wise and original mind. It is ostensibly about architecture, and it contains much that is illuminating and instructive about this most obscure of arts. But it is in the asides, the comments, the footnotes, as it were, that Mr. Betjeman shows the width of his mind and the depth of his learning. While pursuing the main core of his theme, he leaps with nimbleness from religion to Dorcas Societies, from Lord Castlerosse to the eighteenth-century servant problem. " Imagine yourself in Portsmouth on a Lord's Day morning," says Mr. Betjeman. I 'm sure he can. I know I can't. This is a brilliant, stimulating and original book.

MISS URSULA BLOOM'S new book, *Rose Sweetman* (Hutchinson ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is pitched in the key of a Van Druten play. Love among the stenographers is the general theme and, of course, there is the inevitable seducing employer. One begins to wonder if the cause of the decline of British trade is not really the " economic blizzard," but the neglect of business by these fellows. According to the Van Druten-Bloom thesis, there is so much seducing in the ordinary office that there can't be much time left for competing in world-markets.

Rose was a handsome, full-blown Jewess, and she had a goodish bit of trouble with Christian men. In fact, the Christian men in the book are a most fearful set of cads. Seduction and desertion are their two occupations, and poor Rosie falls for it every time. It is a readable book, and Miss Bloom is too old a hand to let the interest flag. But the anti-Christianism is laid on too thick. There is no subtlety about it. The men are all so clumsily horrible that one simply cannot believe in them or in their existence. They are puppet-figures, invented to show what sort of thing the eternal Jew has had to put up with throughout the centuries. They are not characters. They are symbols of anti-Semitism, and so they are quite incredible in a novel. It is a pity, because Rosie herself is well drawn, and if her persecutors, employers, and keepers had not been so unreal, the result might have been a very fine novel indeed. The descriptions of life in an office, of tramping the streets in search of work, of the small, depressed and depressing household in Albert Bridge Road, are all good, and the minor characters are drawn economically and surely. But not those men ; not those absurd seducers.

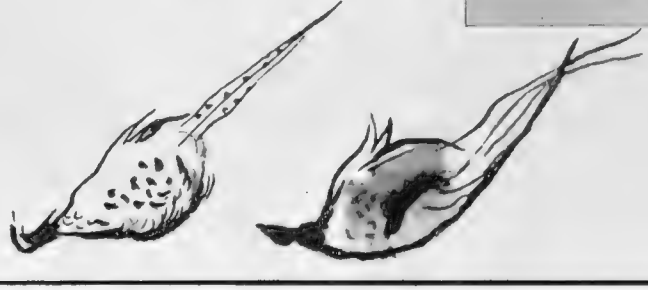
A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

by Madge Garland

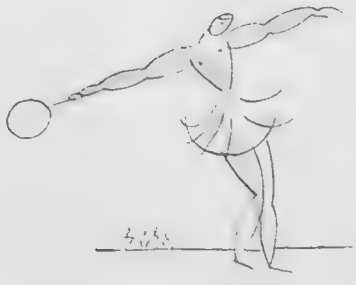
Cannons of Hollywood

THOSE lucky people who are about to board the Flying Scotsman on their way to moors and glens would do well to visit the showrooms at Marshall and Snelgrove before they leave for the North. A special pre-view of autumn fashions which is of unusual interest to the woman who wishes to be correctly but inexpensively dressed is being given on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, August 15th, 16th and 17th, at 3 p.m., and the necessary tickets will be given free on application. An attractive example of the type of garment which is very reasonably priced is shown in the photograph on the left, where a three-piece costume, trim coat and skirt and full length coat of navy blue, is suggested for travelling and early autumn wear



ABOVE is a smart suit from Studd and Millington made of checked tweed. This may be obtained in a wide variety of materials for 7½ guineas. The figure seated on the shooting-stick is wearing a Scotch tweed suit with a Norfolk jacket and a buttoned skirt, from Kenneth Durward. They make this type of costume perfectly and have a good selection of styles from which to choose. The dinner gown on the right is a Patou model from Fortnum and Mason, and is most useful for country house-parties. It is carried out in heavy black silk patterned in white daisies

MULTI-COLOUR flowers on a white crêpe ground make the attractive evening gown on the left, which comes from Fortnum and Mason. On the right is a herring-bone tweed coat and skirt, flecked with yellow, which has bright canary-yellow leather trimmings on the collar, pockets and belt. The skirt has two deep pleats in front. From Burberry. Below on the left is a Dexter waterproof with a storm collar and raglan sleeves — always an indispensable garment when going North of the Tweed. The smart coat beside it is a Milwata waterproof carried out in black and white with a black belt



Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

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Howard Marshall on Cricket

The Coming Test

THIS week we return to Test Match cricket; what is more, we can anticipate the third encounter between England and the West Indies without undue misgivings. It is unlikely that the Oval gasometer will be set rocking in the blast of controversy, though there were, to be sure, subterranean rumblings over fast leg-theory at Old Trafford.

If we were due to face the Australians—have you read D. R. Jardine's book, by the way?—the prospect would be less soothing; but these West Indians are amiable folk. They are desperately keen, without a doubt, and their fast bowlers may attack to a packed leg-field, but they still have sunshine in their bones, and cricket remains a game to them.

And what about this leg-theory stuff—this body-line bombardment, if we must use the controversial phrase? Certainly Constantine and Martindale experimented with it at Manchester, and even took a wicket or two, but would our illustrious critics have worried their heads about it if the Australian hullabaloo had not predisposed them to unfavourable comment?

To my mind it proved two things: first that leg-theory, as bowled by Larwood, with his exceptional pace and control, cannot be compared with the West Indian version; second, that Jardine is capable of demonstrating that courage and skill can effectively deal with even Larwood's on-side attack. I will say this, though, that even Jardine's level-headed and logical book does not entirely dispel the feeling that the Australians had some justifiable grounds for complaint.

THIS feeling is accentuated by a letter which reached me this morning from New Zealand. I will not disclose the identity of the writer, but I can assure you that he is not only a first-class and experienced cricketer, but a responsible witness of the highest integrity. I would, indeed, be prepared to accept his testimony without question, and he went over to Australia purposely to watch the Test Matches last winter.

He agrees with Jardine up to a point, for he deplores the behaviour of the Australian crowds, and dislikes the general atmosphere in which representative cricket is played out there. But—and this is a disturbing qualification—he states categorically that, in his opinion, Larwood took many wickets as a result of intimidation, whether intentional or not, and that Larwood's tactics would have caused grave heart-burnings at Lord's if they had been employed in a Test Match at headquarters.

I must admit that this letter influences me considerably, persuasive though Jardine is in his book. Still, fast leg-theory is one thing; the Australian attitude to Test Matches is another. Even supposing that Larwood's methods are condemned by the authorities—and by the time these notes appear we may have had some expression of official opinion—even so, the question remains whether it would be in the best interests of cricket for M.C.C. to send out another team to Australia when the time comes round again.

As a man in the street I have my doubts: barracking, irresponsible newspaper criticism and venomous correspondence are not the sort of accompaniments we expect, and M.C.C. will have to take a firm stand against these evils before committing themselves to another tour.

JARDINE'S book inevitably leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth, and I could wish he had decided not to break the silence which he preserved so dutifully in Australia. For all that, his outspoken comments may do good: they may clear the air, and make it possible for us all to regain our sense of proportion.

BUT there—the immediate problem is next Saturday's battle at the Oval. I think everyone was delighted with the fine showing of the West Indians in the second Test, and I have an idea that a West Indian victory in the coming game would really be popular.

The truth is that we admire the spirit in which the West Indians play cricket: we like their enthusiasm, their boldness, their courage, and, in consequence, the result becomes less important, provided only that the match is hard-fought.

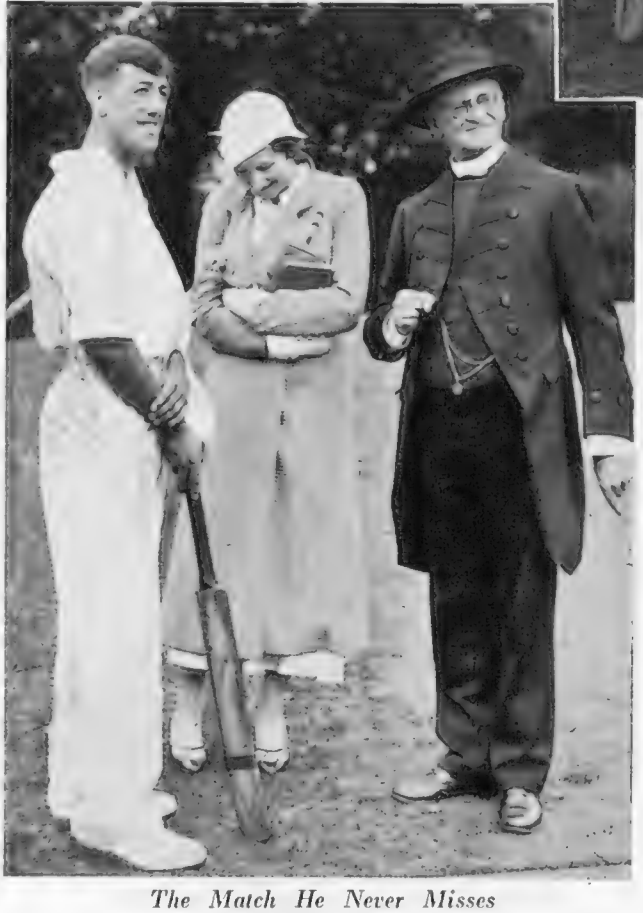
ONE thing is certain: England can afford to take no chances, though it is still my opinion that the West Indies are not yet up to full Test Match standards. The partnership between Barrow and Headley at Old Trafford was superb, but Barrow was missed three times—at 8, at 40, and at 42—and it is unlikely that Hammond will ever drop so simple a catch in the slips again. Apart from these two, the West Indian batting was unimpressive—though Constantine played his part nobly, particularly in the second innings, when he staved off a possible defeat for his side.

Two men stood out for England—Clark and James Langridge; and Clark, on that batsman's wicket, did bowl extraordinarily well. We needed another really quick bowler as a foil to him, and since G. O. Allen could not play, it was, I think, a pity that Nichols did not catch the collective eye of the Selectors.

Langridge was interesting: his analysis of 7 wickets for 56 runs in the second innings is impressive, and he flighted the ball far more cleverly than Verity. I imagine he will be playing at the Oval; but these West Indians are adaptable folk: they are capable of pondering upon their failures, and discovering the answers to their difficulties.

B. W. Hone,

the Oxford University cricket captain, a product of Australian cricket, who played for Adelaide University before going into residence at New College



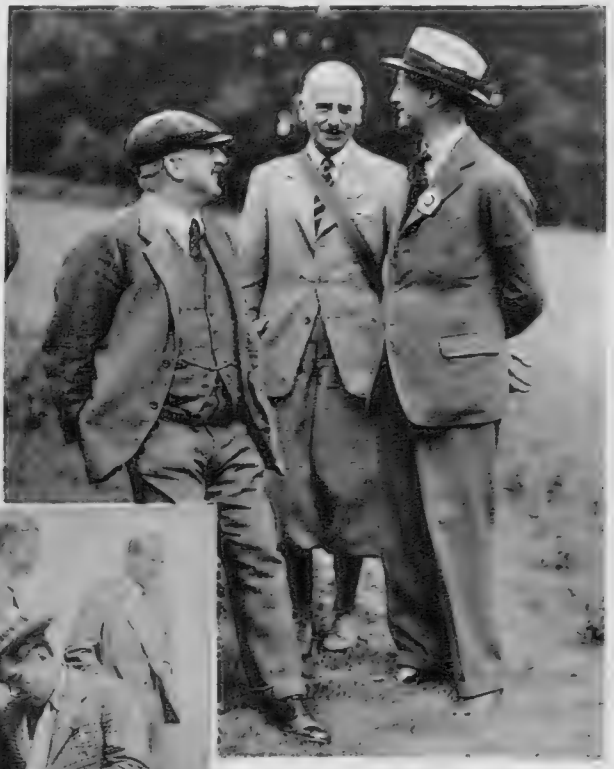
The Match He Never Misses

A memory of the inter-'Varsity match at Lord's, showing one of the old school, whose enthusiasm for cricket never wanes, with H. G. Owen-Smith and Miss Frances Mallett

America Wins Again

Hagen Beats Cotton

The match between Henry Cotton and Walter Hagen was played recently at Ashridge Park. Cotton (left) and Hagen are seen above going to the second tee



Some spectators at the match. Major Sir Guy Campbell, Bt., Major H. Richardson (Secretary to the Club), and F. Turner

More interested onlookers. E. M. Allen and P. Risdon, who is seen adjusting his camera

Above: Mrs. Richardson (wife of the Ashridge Secretary) and Mr. R. H. de Montmorency, who acted as referee

Right: A. W. Law (reserve for Cambridge University golf team) and R. N. R. McGill (the Cambridge Golfing Blue)

Miss Cecil Leitch and Mr. C. C. Edmunds, one of the Ashridge officials. Hagen won the thirty-six hole match by three and two

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary: By "Mark Over"

Great Britain beats France

The start of the 880-yards race at the tenth annual match between Gt. Britain and France at the White City Stadium, won by J. Keller (French Champion), third from the right. T. H. Scrimshaw (Gt. Britain) was second

THE editorial telephone roused me with a jerk from a session with a gentleman who figures in the novels of Mr. Aldous Huxley as the greatest of the modern prophets. The voice at the end of the telephone was long-suffering but perturbed: Bank Holiday had disturbed the printing arrangements, and where, in the name of a thousand printers' devils, was my article?

Well, here it is, written literally in the heat of the moment, for I am sitting, draped only in a towel, fresh from the pummelings, the exhortations, the peremptory commands of my physical-culture expert. He it is—and his name, by the way, is Hornibrook—he it is who is revered by Aldous Huxley, and commended by Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. And I think it is worth while talking about him, for most of us in these days of hard work and restricted leisure are interested in keeping fit.

Lord Ebbisham and Lord Dalkeith going out to bat for Lords and Commons v. M.C.C. at Lord's. Both found the bowling too good and were dismissed for small scores

I 'm convinced that most of us, when our active athletic days are over, go the wrong way about this business of keeping fit. We work like beavers through the week, and then, at the week-ends, fling ourselves into an orgy of exercise. A bit hard, it seems to me, on the heart-muscles, and there is every reason for that Monday morning feeling. What is more—how personal I am this morning!—we eat too much, and take too many short drinks to help the day along. Is that true, or isn't it? Anyway, look at your athlete in middle age—a paunchy fellow, very often, plagued by a liver and indigestion. Muscles gone to fat, in short, and a pathetic sight it is.

THIS is where my expert comes in. He specialises in what he calls the culture of the abdomen, which sounds horrible, but actually strikes me as extremely sensible. He will rate you if you over-eat or over-drink—my breakfast now is barely enough to break any fast, but I feel better for it—and then he will set you to his own system of waving your legs in the air, and revitalising the muscles around the midriff. And when I tell you that he has removed half-a-stone of my too, too solid flesh in a fortnight, and increased my already healthy lung capacity by some 40 cubic inches, you will appreciate my general elation. Very shortly I shall be taking a cut myself at this heavy-weight boxing racket, with Petersen and Doyle as my particular objectives. Seriously, though, this system of physical training might be applied to general athletics, and I hope to try it out on a Rugby football team next winter.

TALKING of football, already—with another heat-wave prophesied by the wise men—already the Association footballers are preparing for their coming struggles. Incidentally, a glance at the balance sheets of some of the leading clubs makes interesting reading, and, on the whole, it is rather surprising to find how many came through last season with substantial profits. Sunderland, for example, whose record was most indifferent, cleaned-up £2674; and Bolton Wanderers, who were last but one of the First Division, came out with a profit of £2173. Then, oddly enough, we discover that Everton, who won the Cup, and should have been extremely popular, only made £2173. Arsenal, of course, are bang up at the top with a profit of £24,000—it really is remarkable what showmanship will do for a team, and Mr. Herbert Chapman certainly is an astute showman. Mr. Chapman tells me that he is optimistic about the coming season; there are signs of a trade revival, and if money is looser, gates will improve. Arsenal are hopeful, too, about Bowden, who should help them considerably in the vital inside-forward position.

I 've often wondered whether the F.A. were wise to ban the broadcasting of Association football matches. Personally, I doubt it, and at the B.B.C. they naturally feel that gates are suffering as a result of the lost publicity. Still, the balance-sheets apparently tell another story.

I SUPPOSE hereabouts I should interject belated congratulations to the British lawn-tennis team on their gallant victory in the final of the Davis Cup. That is stale news by now, however, and I am more interested in the suggestion made by Mr. Vernon Woodhouse that these representative tennis matches are becoming tests of endurance rather than skill, and that instead of five sets, three would be ample. Naturally, there will be considerable controversy about this, and our verdict depends upon whether we rank tennis with the

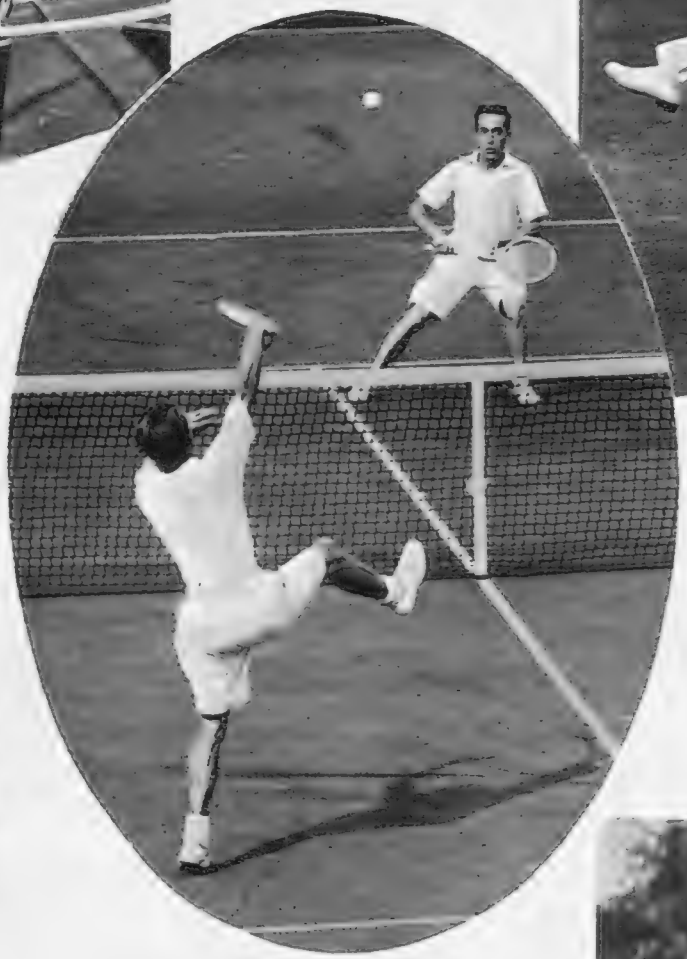
Left: Lord Desborough, K.G., G.C.V.O. (President), in the umpire's boat with Mr. E. L. Giles, a former Champion, at the Amateur Punting Championships at the Ryepeck, Shepperton

Right: the old South African International, S. J. Pegler, bowling for the M.C.C. at Lord's against the Lords and Commons. The M.C.C. won by four wickets

Below: H. W. Austin in play against H. Cochet. It is of interest to note that both players are in a volleying position. Austin was eventually beaten in a match which ran to five sets

Below: R. H. Thomas (A.A.A. Champion and captain of the English team) winning the one-mile race against France at the White City Stadium

England's Athletics' Captain



Austin v. Cochet at Auteuil

violent games like Rugby football and boxing, where physical endurance is definitely important, or whether we relegate it to the class of golf and billiards, let us say, where delicacy of execution is the main criterion. Personally, I believe Mr. Woodhouse is right, and it seems to me that players like H. W. Austin should be given the reward for their skill, without the obstacle of physical considerations.

THIS brings me to Gene Sarazen's proposal that a golfing competition should be run on Davis Cup lines. Sarazen is an ingenious fellow: he was responsible for the larger hole agitation recently, and he manages to keep himself in the limelight. I don't like his latest scheme, I must confess; there is quite enough competitive golf already, without adding an international competition to the general hullabaloo. I don't imagine for a moment that we shall hear anything more about it, though Mr. Ryder may conceivably take it up.

NOW, briefly, to cricket. I am glad Douglas Jardine is taking the M.C.C. team to India this winter; he could have had no better vindication from headquarters than this. It is a pity, though, that the team is not a little stronger. I sympathise with Hammond and Sutcliffe, who wish to rest—what strenuous lives these professionals lead—but Hammond, particularly, would have made all the difference; and we shall need our full strength against the Indians on their home grounds.

JUST one word about boxing. It is good news that Ginger Foran has at last been given a match with Jackie Brown for the world's title. Foran has cleaned up the North completely; he is a fine and clever boxer, and it would have been a scandal if he had been kept away from Brown any longer.

Group-Captain H. J. F. Hunter (left), the winner of the R.A.F. Singles Lawn-tennis Championship and the runner-up, Flying-Officer J. L. H. Fletcher, leaving the court after the match at Hurlingham

The Air Ferry Arrives: By Capt. C. E. Ward

'Plane Trimmed Bristol Fashion

"Wessex Airways," that excellent journal of the Bristol and Wessex Club, which also represents aviation in the West of England, asks for an aeronautical version of the celebrated slogan, "Ship-shape and Bristol fashion." Not being a sailor, I had not realised the connection between the expressions "ship-shape" and "Bristol fashion," both of which are used separately by landlubbers (usually in ignorance of their joint origin). If ship-shape means putting everything in its proper place, the equivalent for a 'plane is to get the load balanced so that, in level flight, no strain is placed on the pilot or his machine. Perhaps the title of this paragraph could form a basis for discussion. The Club has reduced its flying rates by ten shillings an hour for members who have qualified for an "A" licence. The successful candidates for this season's scholarships are A. G. Neale and H. R. Wheeler, both of Bristol. Both pupils are in training, and Mr. Neale has made a successful solo. A reduction in fares on the Cardiff Ferry, operated by Norman Edgar, has resulted in more business. At nine shillings for the single journey, and eighteen shillings return, the air passage of twenty-five minutes is well worth while, as anyone can testify who has made that tedious detour through the Severn Tunnel by train. Here is an example of an air service which must replace all other forms of transport, because it offers the traveller the only reasonable means of communication between two points. Grimsby-Hull and Portsmouth-Isle of Wight are other examples of successful air-ferry services which will displace ground transport in time.

Below: Sir John Salmond, who retired recently from the post of Chief of Air Staff, and is now a director of Imperial Airways, greeting Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, on his arrival at a Club Meeting. Lord Londonderry pilots his own machine, and thus shares with General Balbo the distinction of being a real "Air Minister"

The swimming pool at Hatfield Aerodrome, with the club-house behind, and on the left. In addition to the de Havilland School, three Flying Clubs have their headquarters at Hatfield, where the facilities for aviation and other sports and social amenities, are second to none in this or any other country

Take Care of the Airscrew

An Air Ministry notice, published on July 10th, draws attention to the possible danger of fracture with light alloy airscrews resulting from scratches and dents. When an engine is being run on the ground, stones and grit are frequently drawn upwards by the revolving blades, and in the case of light aeroplanes, where the airscrew is near the ground, damage is inevitable. Whereas a wooden airscrew may lose balance, one made of light alloy loses its ability to withstand fluctuating stresses, and it may break. The Air Ministry advise that slight defects should be removed with a file, and polished to eliminate all rough marks. It is most important that engine vibration should not be allowed to continue, and the air-screw should be tested for balance.

British Engines in Favour Abroad

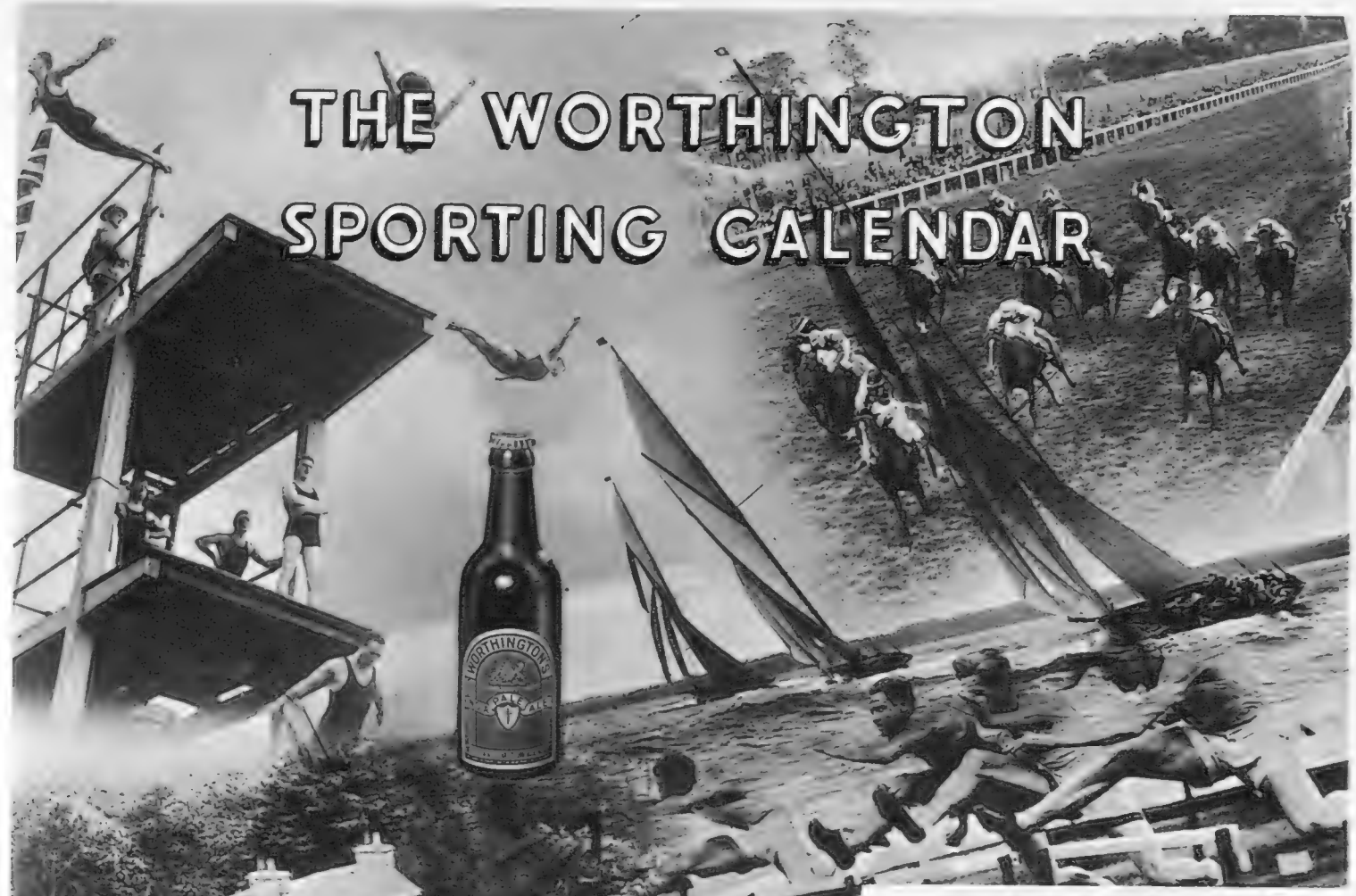
The Spanish Air Mail Line has placed an order with the Fokker Company of Holland for three ten-passenger machines, each to be fitted with three Armstrong-Siddeley "Serval" engines. This type gives 340 h.p., and is one of the Armstrong-Siddeley family, which ranges from the 80-h.p. "Genet" up to something in the region of 800 h.p. Fokker machines with "Lynx" engines have been used on the Spanish air lines for the last four years, flying between Madrid, Barcelona, and Seville. A new service is to be opened from Seville to the Canary Islands, via Cape Juby, one of the West African coastal stations that have become familiar by name since the advent of flying. A line from Barcelona to that attractive holiday resort, the Balearic Islands, is being planned for next year's operations. The Egyptian Air Force has ordered, through Misr-Airwork, ten Avro 'planes, to be equipped with Armstrong-Siddeley "Cheetah" engines. These will be used for coastal patrol to prevent smuggling, for air survey to assist agriculture, and will be fitted with short-wave wireless.

Racing and Gliding

On August 12th, the annual race from London to Newcastle will take place, starting from Brooklands. A good field is expected, and a likely winner may be found amongst the machines, or perhaps I should say types, that did not qualify for the final of the King's Cup race. The trophy, with £75, goes to the winner. From August 13th to 20th, Wasserkuppe, in Germany, is the Mecca of gliding enthusiasts, who meet for the international competitions. In spite of the lack of ideal sites, combined with long spells of favourable gliding weather, the sport has made considerable progress in England. The British Gliding Association is the controlling body, and the London Club, with its camp on Dunstable Downs, close to Whipsnade, sets a standard which is of national value.

Around the Clubs

Hanworth is a busy aerodrome these days, with club flying times of more than 100 hours every week. Colonel the Master of Sempill is an example of a private owner who gets real value from his Moth. During a long week-end, he flew from Hanworth to his house in Cornwall, on to the Isle of Man for a visit to Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, who is operating a flying-boat during the season; then to Aberdeen on business, making a night landing at Hanworth on his return. At Brooklands, many new pupils have been attracted during the fine weather. Brooklands Airways, the taxi service which charges the same fare from any London aerodrome, has been busy on film work, and special charters to Le Touquet and the Channel Islands.



AUGUST, 1933

11th to 19th inclusive

11th **Racing.** Windsor Meeting.
Shows. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth.
Yachting. R.O.R.C. Cowes-Weymouth race.
Aviation. Air Display, Bexhill.

12th Grouse Shooting Begins.
Racing. Windsor, Pontefract and Phœnix Park Meetings.
Athletics. Police Sports, White City.
Pony Racing. Northolt Mtg.
Swimming. Ladies' back stroke and breast stroke Champ., Newcastle-on-Tyne. A.S.A. 440 yards Salt Water and A.D.A. Silver Medal semi-finals (Men & Women).
Motoring. Southport M.C. 100 miles race.
Cycling. World's Cycling Championships, Paris. Sprint Heats.
Cricket. England v. West Indies, 3rd Test Match, Oval.
Yachting. Royal Largs Y.C. Town Regatta. Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y.C. Royal Dorset Y.C., Weymouth. Venice Inter. Regatta (all classes).

14th **Racing.** Nottingham, Folkestone, Waterford and Tramore Meetings.
Cycling. World's Cycling Championships, Montlhéry Track Road Race.
Bowls. National Champs. at Browneswood B.C., Middlesex.
Swimming. A.S.A. Ladies' 220 yds, Weston-super-Mare.
Lawn Tennis. Junior County Championships—Devon, Exmouth: Hampshire, Brockenhurst: Sussex, Hassocks: Suffolk, Felixstowe.

15th **Racing.** Nottingham, Folkestone, Waterford and Tramore Meetings.
Cycling. World's Cycling Championships, Paris. Final, Motor Paced.
Golf. Highland Amateur Tournament, Pitlochry.
Athletics. Grasmere Sports, Lake District.

16th **Racing.** Leicester, Waterford and Tramore Meetings.
Cricket. M.C.C. v. Gentlemen of Ireland, Lord's.
Greyhound Racing. The Summer Cup (Flat) Final, West Ham Stadium.
Yachting. Bournemouth. Lymington Town Regatta. Paignton Regatta.
Croquet. Challenge Cups and Gilbey Cup, Roehampton

17th **Racing.** Leicester, Waterford and Tramore Meetings.
Speedway. National League—Nottingham v. Clapton.
Yachting. Babbacombe Regatta.

18th **Racing.** Hurst Park.
Yachting. R.M.Y.C. Regatta, Poole. Brixham Regatta.
Lawn Tennis. Junior County Championships, Derby.

19th **Racing.** Hurst Park, Redcar and Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meetings.
Cycling. 5 miles N.C.U., S.Y. and N.D. Centre Champs., Queen's Park, Chesterfield.
Motor Cycling. Ulster Grand Prix.
Motoring. Ivinghoe Racing Meeting.
Yachting. R.S.M. Y.C. Scottish Champs., Rothesay.
Athletics. Britain v. Germany, White City.
Swimming. A.S.A. 100 yds., Great Yarmouth.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT. PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Cars with a Personality

The 8-h.p. Ford

By The Earl of Cardigan

From the front, the effect is extremely pleasing. The new radiator shell is handsome, and the car as a whole looks as sturdy as, in fact, it is

FOR those of us who still remember the early Ford car—from the days when, by virtue of its power, cheapness, and dependability, it was sweeping all before it in the markets of the world—it is rather difficult to imagine anything outwardly more un-Ford-like (if I may coin the word) than the 8-h.p. model of to-day. Small, compact, and shapely, it seems to have little in common with its famous ancestor.

In the course of a trial run, however, it is not very long before points of definite similarity become apparent. The 8-h.p. Ford, for instance, conforms wholeheartedly to the family tradition of a sturdy road-performance. The engine, although it pays only an £8 tax, has a real appetite for work—particularly so when it gets into its stride at medium and high speeds. One can reach 40 m.p.h. in second, and about 60 m.p.h. in top gear.

At low speeds, naturally enough, it pays to make use of the three-speed gear-box. In this connection, the Ford Company, always logical, has seen to it that none of the traditional gear-changing "bogies" can arise. Second and top gears are of the synchro-mesh variety, engaging in the normal manner, but absolutely immune from the possibility of a "crash" change. Thus any novice can make full use of the added liveliness and acceleration which the lower of these ratios provides.

The steering is light and definite in action. The brakes are smooth, and no doubt of satisfactory power, although some maladjustment in the case of the car recently lent to me for trial prevented me from verifying the latter point. The springing is good, and free from the "pitching" action common to most small cars. Its lay-out is of interest, for the springs themselves are set transversely, an arrangement to which Mr. Ford has always been faithful, apparently with good cause. Fore and aft springs are, of course, infinitely more common; but it is difficult to see, for everyday purposes, in what way they excel the equally long-established transverse variety.

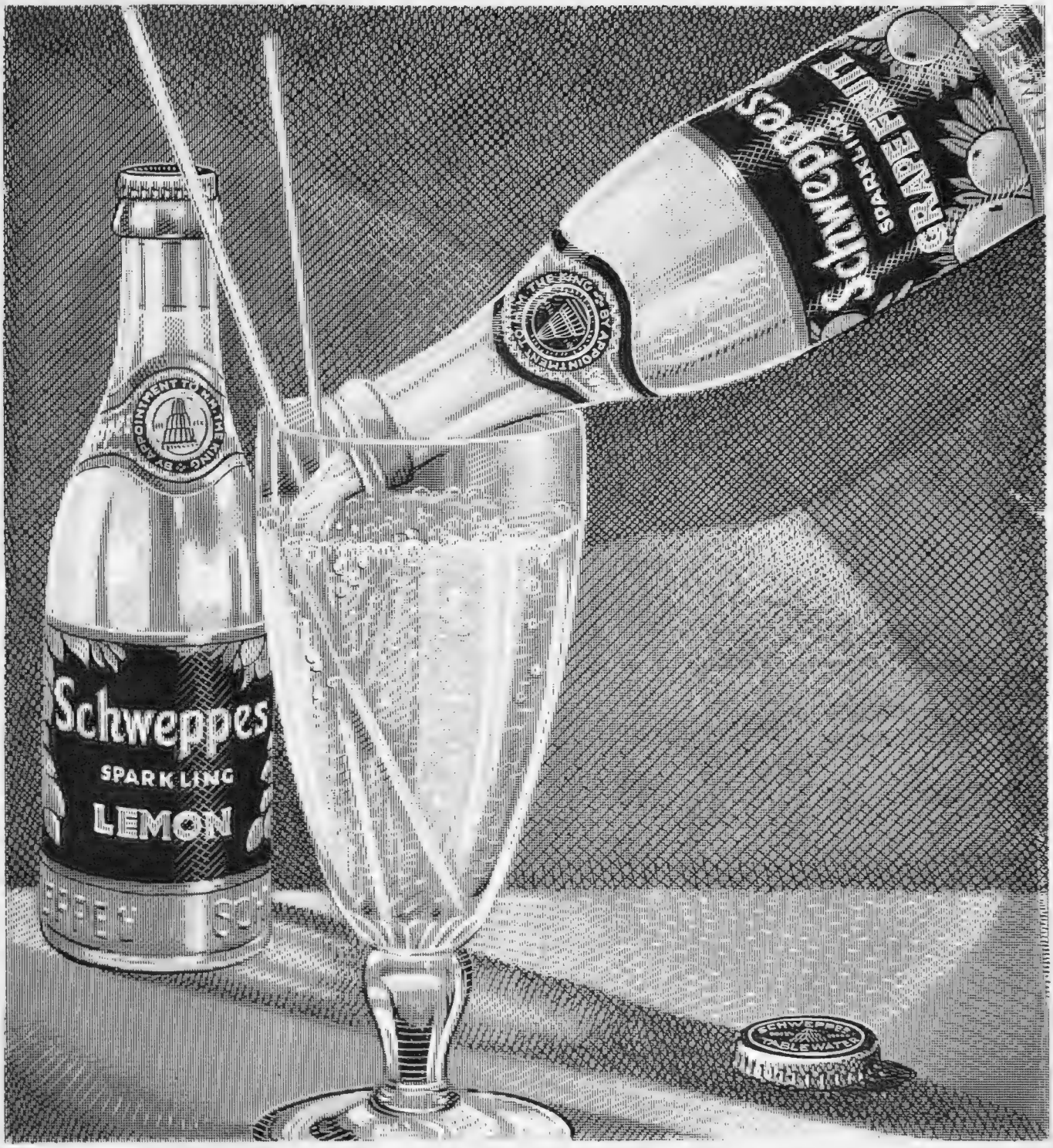
Right: the instrument-board is neat, and the gear-lever, controlling synchro-mesh gears, is so placed as to come readily to hand

Below: the engine, although small, is well up to its work. The fitting of the battery under the bonnet is an excellent practice

Above: there is no lack of space in the front or back seats. All four passengers, indeed, appear to be equally well catered for by the Ford coachbuilders

THE coachwork of this little car is, one need hardly say, thoroughly practical. It provides genuinely comfortable accommodation for four large people, including an adjustable seat giving ample leg-room to the driver. The "lines" of the saloon body are, incidentally, very cleverly contrived. As in most cars of less than 12 h.p., there is a considerable overhang beyond the rear axle; yet no suggestion is given, even to the critical eye, that the car is in any way overbodied. The general appearance, in fact, is distinctly graceful.

As to price, the four-door model illustrated, with full equipment, must be regarded as remarkably good value at £135. Although, in a sense, a light car of this type represents a new departure on the part of the Ford Company, there can no longer be any doubt that its makers have fully justified their incursion into this branch of motoring.



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—therefore Schweppes

N.B. For a 'long' drink with a 'kick' in it try either with a dash of gin — it's a grand partnership!

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

The Doggy World

"It" and the Animals: By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE has always been a beautiful legend, believed implicitly by all "nice" people, that an individual who loves animals and children must be all right at heart. And, vice-versa, he whom dogs and children trust is a decent person, in reality.

I am sorry to question this delightful idea, but I believe that facts do not go to prove its veracity. Murderers, card-sharpers, and other undesirables have often been devoted to animals and children, and I have seen dogs not only very fond of scoundrels, but even loving men who have treated them pretty badly. I bought a bitch once from a man whom I know to have been very rough and cold-blooded with dogs, even if nothing worse. She lived with me for a year, enjoying every kindness, and then one day we ran into her former owner at a show. Immediately she jumped all over him and registered every possible sign of delight at seeing him again.

Was I annoyed with her? I'll tell the world I was! I must add that, delightful as she was, I never thought she was very clever. She was placid and phlegmatic to a degree, and perhaps she had never realised that he was unkind to her, for I don't think he was ever definitely cruel. He probably kicked her out of the way occasionally, but nothing much more, and she had to look after herself a good deal.

The Teacher and His Pupils

On the second from the left is the "Headmaster," an Alsatian, who has been deputed to train the three Martindale Irish Setters, the property of Mr. George Seymour. At the moment they are undergoing an obedience test. All the dogs are trained to the gun

THESE reflections have been engendered by the fact that I am sweltering in an American heat-wave, with the thermometer registering 100 in the shade, and that I have been trying to sleep on the sofa. But Rosie, a bitch who is my "house-dog" while I am staying with my friend, keeps waking me up by kissing my face affectionately with her hot tongue and slobbering muzzle. I was sweet and patient for twenty minutes, and then I pushed her away and gave her a slap and spoke crossly and to the point. Rosie is now all subdued and "Christian" and hurt, and it struck me how unfair it was that I should be registered as a brute in her foolish little mind, just as surely as though I didn't take her for a walk every morning, look after her, and love her.

I have known men whom I knew to be liars, and so crooked that they couldn't lie straight in their beds, adore dogs and dogs adore them, so that I am positively certain that it is no proof of anybody's rectitude if they are liked by animals. It is probably another form of "It" and a rather nicer form than "S.A."

On the other hand, I, who do love dogs very dearly, am by no means invariably popular with dogs as a whole. I have known show dogs so frightened of me in the ring that they have ruined their chances of getting a prize, while other judges have told me that they never suspected that the dogs in question could be shy. Even amongst my own dogs, there is only one, Susie, who loves me better than anybody else, and I had a bitch, called Ida, who worshipped me, and whom, I am ashamed to say, I liked just in a lukewarm manner.

I abhor cats; I loathe them, and yet they nearly always come and sit on my knee; but that, I suspect, they do out of sheer devilment, for cats are devils. At any rate, pray don't get all puffed up because animals like you . . . you are probably an incipient murderer, did you but know it!

For the Perfect Figure

NOW that sport plays so large a part in our daily lives it is more than ever necessary that we should pay attention to our figures, both for physical and aesthetic reasons. This does not mean that we must lace ourselves in with the uncomfortable and restricting armour of the Victorian era, but well-chosen foundation garments, planned on really hygienic lines, to give correct and necessary support, add greatly to the comfort and well-being of the wearer. A scientifically constructed girdle and a brassière cut on correct lines will give just the necessary support without in any way restricting natural movement.

Kestos brassières and girdles are made in a number of designs suitable for every occasion, and the Berlei "Controlette" is another garment that has been carefully designed with due thought and attention to beauty of line, balance, and physical support.

The Berlei "Controlette," a practical model in washable double voile with elastic panels at the sides and in front, and an attached brassière in net lace

Right: Comfortable support without unnecessary restriction is guaranteed by Kestos models. Both brassière and girdle may be washed without losing their shape

The "Berlette," a special Berlei design, made in Pekin net in attractive shades of white, peach, pink, and rose-beige

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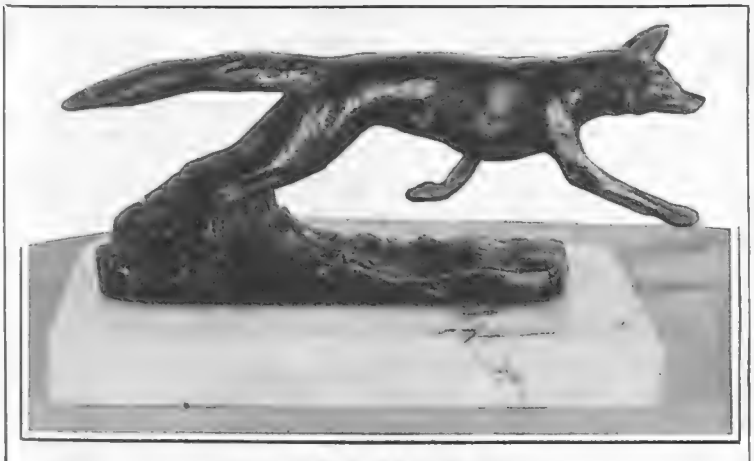

"CHARLES"

Bronze by
T. IVESTER LLOYD

This admirable study of a running fox is mounted on an onyx plinth, grooved on either side to receive pens, pencils, etc. It can also be obtained on a shortened base, silver-plated, for mounting on radiator cap as a car mascot.

Price **6½ gns.**; on plain marble plinth, **6 gns.**

This is one of many sporting bronzes to be seen at the Sporting Gallery, where an extensive display of the work of many artists can be seen.

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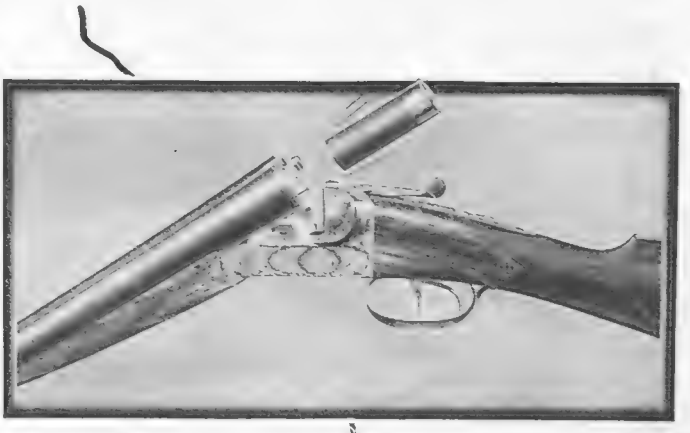

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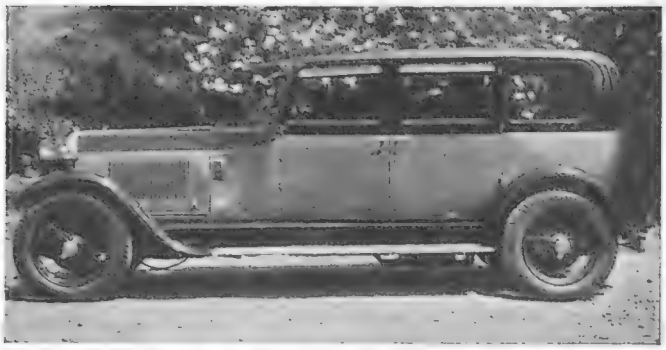

A seven-seater body by Lagonda, Ltd., on a long chassis three-litre Lagonda. A similar body on a short chassis, used for tyre-testing at high speeds in the Dunlop Rubber Company's tyre-testing fleet, has just completed 139,000 miles at a total running cost of 1.35d. per mile—a striking example of the service obtainable from a modern car of the highest quality

No More "Crackling"

All wireless enthusiasts appreciate the discovery of a solution of the "man-made static" problem. This problem, it is stated by the makers, is solved by the new Kolster-Brandes receivers. They embody the "K.B." Rejectostatic system, which eliminates or greatly reduces interference caused by electric lifts, trams, trains, power lines, and the many domestic and medical electrical appliances which are the origin of "crackling" and other wireless troubles, especially in large towns. The success of the "K.B." Rejectostatic system depends on a combination of specially designed rejectostat units with a shielded lead-in cable and transmission line, and complete screening of the receiver.

The new "K.B." receivers, it is claimed, conquer "man-made" electrical interference, and, by reason of their high inherent selectivity, are capable of dealing in an equally effective manner with interference between stations. Full information can be obtained from Kolster-Brandes, Ltd., Cray Works, Sidcup, Kent.

North Country News

The Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Bennett, has arrived at the Grand Hotel, Harrogate, for a cure.

A Carriage for a King

Below is a photograph of Lady Margaret Douglas Home and her son, Robin. Robin is a year old, and since he was a very small baby has slept both indoors and out in his pramcot. This is a pram of the latest and most practical design, from The White House, the famous New Bond Street establishment where all discriminating Society mothers go shopping for their babies. The pramcot, which can be used with the hood up or down, is upholstered in pastel-coloured piqué of heavy quality, and is mounted on a collapsible frame of untarnishable nickel-plating. It can be folded flat, and is extremely light in weight. Smooth-running and comfortable, the pramcot is also absolutely hygienic as the piqué draperies come off easily and will stand repeated laundering.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SOME GRAPE-FRUIT DISHES

GRAPE-FRUIT COCKTAIL
GRAPE-FRUIT MERINGUE TART
GRAPE-FRUIT PRESERVE
GRAPE-FRUIT PINEAPPLE CUP
GRAPE-FRUIT AND PEACH SHORTCAKE

Grape-Fruit Cocktail

PLACE four tablespoonfuls of grape-fruit pulp in cocktail glasses: add four tablespoonfuls of grape or pineapple juice and a few candied cherries. Fill up with shaved ice. Serve.

Grape-Fruit Meringue Tart

SMOOTHLY mix one cup of sugar and five tablespoonfuls of cornflour with part of three-fourths of a cup of grape-fruit juice and pulp. Add a little more than a cupful of boiling water, and stir till thick and smooth. Cook ten minutes more in a double boiler, then add the remainder of the grape-fruit. Beat the yolks of two eggs with the grated rind of an orange and add this to the cornflour; stir for a few minutes and then remove. Pour into a prepared baked crust and cover with meringue, made of two whites of egg. Brown slowly and slightly.

Grape-Fruit Preserve

REMOVE the skin of the grape-fruit overnight and soak in salt water, allowing three tablespoonfuls of salt to each quart of cold water. Set the pulp aside. In the morning drain the rinds; soak in fresh water for two hours; drain and boil till any bitterness is removed and the rind is tender, changing the water once. Drain, strain the juice of the grape-fruit over the rinds, and allow half a cup of sugar for each grape-fruit. Cook till the rind is clear (adding water, if necessary, to prevent burning) and the syrup is thick. Put in jars and tie down.

Grape-Fruit Pineapple Cup

SOAK one teaspoonful of gelatine in one tablespoonful of cold water, add two of boiling water, and mix with one-and-a-half cupfuls of grape-fruit pulp, one cup of grated pineapple, one of sugar and three-quarters of a cup of water. Freeze.

Grape-Fruit and Peach Shortcake

MIX equal parts of grape-fruit and peach pulp, mash well and sweeten. Have ready two shortcakes which have been baked in two round tins, butter them, place half of the fruit on the lower piece; add the top and the rest of the fruit. Serve at once.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
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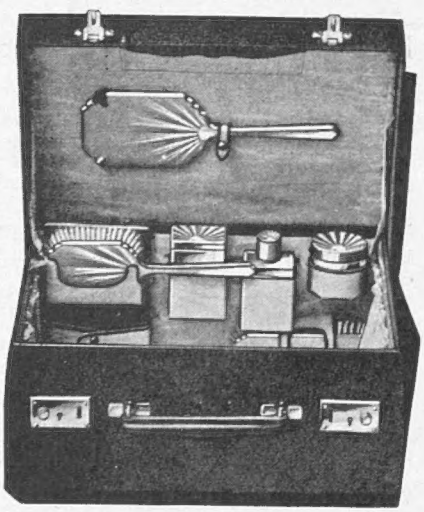

Gentleman's Travelling Case in limp polished Pigskin, with Zip fastener, fitted with Cochinelle brushes and chromium toilet requisites. Size closed 8¾ x 6¼ ins.

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Lady's Travelling Case in Morocco, lined Silk, fitted with sterling silver-gilt and enamel toilet requisites. Size closed 16 x 12 x 6¼ ins. Complete with mackintosh cover

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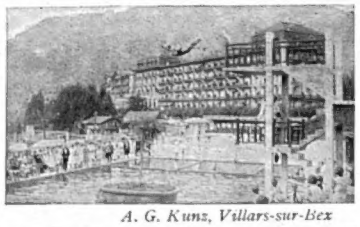

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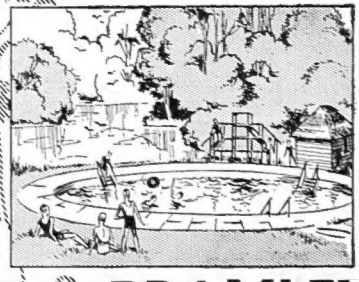

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